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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Journal of the Private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena. By the Count de Las Cases. Vol. IV. Parts VII. & VIII. London, 1823. H. Colburn & Co.

We have always treated these revelations of this adherent of Buonaparte's as material for history; however poisoned by prejudice and tainted by falsehood. And we still consider them to be important in that light, as they are amusing for present reading. Time and labour will enable future authors to sift Las Cases' statements; and the genuine Napoleoniana may be tolerably well separated from the superadded inventions which the Count has found it expedient to recollect since his return to Europe. Thus, for example, the opinion respecting Lord Castlereagh, put into Buonaparte's mouth at St. Helena in 1816, and which (whether right or wrong) could only have been formed at a later date, on ulterior events, will only be viewed as throwing a deeper shade of suspicion upon the whole narrative, as a fabrication with certain foundations and data.

We shall quote a piece of this manufacture in proof—only requesting persons of intelligence to remember its date.

"He (Lord C. says Buonaparte) proves himself to be the partisan, the obsequious associate of the Holy Alliance,—that mysterious alliance, of which I cannot guess either the meaning or the object, which can afford neither utility nor advantage. Can it be directed against the Turks? It would then be for the English to oppose it. Can it really have for its object the maintenance of a general peace? That is a chimera, by which it is impossible diplomatic cabinets can be duped. With them, alliances can only be formed for the purpose of opposition or counterpoise. They cannot all be allied together. I cannot, therefore, comprehend this Holy Alliance, except by regarding it as a league of sovereigns against subjects; but, in that case, what has C. to do with it? If it be so, will he not, ought he not, one day, to pay dearly for his conduct?"

No man in his senses, with the least understanding, but must perceive that this does not breathe the climate of St. Helena seven years ago, though it smells distinctly of the atmosphere of the Parisian salons, any period within the last three years.

But it is not for us to investigate (though we may indicate) these discrepancies. We can much more satisfactorily fulfil our engagements with the public, by making it acquainted with the more curious and apparently authentic contents of these new volumes. And candour obliges us to confess, that there are many striking and memorable facts and sayings recorded here: some indeed, in this very 7th part to which we now address ourselves, which exhibit the ex-Emperor in as extraordinary and favourable a light as any in which we have ever seen him placed. To show this, we shall start forward in these

pages, and return, in course, to more regular extracts.

"Napoleon, during his military career, fought sixty battles; Cæsar fought but fifty."

"It was asked one day, in Napoleon's presence, how it happened that misfortunes that were yet uncertain, often distressed us more than miseries that had already been suffered. 'Because,' observed the Emperor, 'in the imagination, as in calculation, the power of what is unknown is incommensurable.'"

"After having given any one an important mission, or traced out the plan of any great enterprise, the Emperor used frequently to say, 'Come, Sir, be speedy; use despatch; and do not forget that the world was created in six days.'"

"On an occasion of this kind, he concluded by observing to the individual whom he was addressing, 'Ask me for whatever you please, except time: that's the only thing that is beyond my power.'"

"On another occasion, Napoleon commissioned a person to execute some important business, which he expected would be finished in the course of the same day. It was not, however, completed until late on the following day. At this, the Emperor manifested some degree of dissatisfaction; and the individual, in the hope of excusing himself, said that he had worked all day. 'But had you not the night also?' replied Napoleon."

"The Emperor directed particular attention to the improvement and embellishment of the markets of the capital. He used to say, 'The market-place is the Louvre of the common people.'"

"In Napoleon's eyes, merit was single, by itself, and he recompensed it uniformly. Thus the same titles, and the same decorations, were awarded equally to the ecclesiastic, the soldier, the artist, the philosopher, and the man of letters. It may truly be said, that in no other country or period was merit more highly honoured or talent more magnificently rewarded. On these points, the Emperor's views were unlimited. I have already mentioned that he one day said, 'If Corneille had lived in my time, I would have made him a prince.'"

At a time "when some vexation arose at St. Helena, an individual, who was near Napoleon at the time, exclaimed, 'Ah, Sir, this must indeed increase your hatred of the English.' Upon which the Emperor, shrugging up his shoulders, said, in a mingled tone of pleasantry and contempt, 'Prejudiced man! say rather that at most it may increase my hatred of this or that particular Englishman. . . . But since we are on this subject, let me tell you that a man, he who has the true feelings of a man, never cherishes hatred. His anger or ill humour never goes beyond the irritation of the moment,—the electrical stroke.'"

Napoleon no doubt said many fine things, for he aimed at apophthegm and effect; but to our minds, he never expressed so profound and philosophical a sentiment as that which

we have here ventured to put in italics. We select other striking anecdotes, &c.

"When reviewing the 2d regiment of horse chasseurs at Lobenstein, two days before the battle of Jena, Napoleon addressing the Colonel, said: 'How many men are there here?'—'Five hundred,' replied the Colonel, 'but there are many raw troops among them.' 'What signifies that,' said the Emperor, in a tone which denoted surprise at the observation, 'are they not all Frenchmen?'—Then turning to the regiment, 'My lads,' said he, 'you must not fear death. When soldiers brave death, they drive him into the enemy's ranks.' He here made a motion with his arm expressive of the action to which he alluded. At these words a sudden movement among the troops accompanied by a murmur of enthusiasm, seemed to foretell the memorable victory of Rossbach, which took place forty-eight hours after. . . ."

"When speaking of the danger he had incurred among the Five Hundred, on the 18th Brumaire, he attributed it militarily to local circumstances. He had been obliged to enter the Orangery at one of the extremities, and to pass along the whole length of it. 'The misfortune was,' said he, 'that instead of facing my opponents, I was compelled to present my flank to them.'"

In addition to this latter trait, we have also been much pleased with a brief dissertation on History; which, whether Buonaparte's, or Las Cases', or the union of both, contains many truths of irresistible weight, and entirely coincides with opinions we have frequently expressed on the subject in our Reviews.

"It must be admitted, my dear Las Cases," said the Emperor to me to-day, "it is most difficult to obtain absolute certainties for the purposes of history. Fortunately it is, in general, more a matter of mere curiosity than of real importance. There are so many kinds of truths! The truth which Fouché, or other intriguers of his stamp, will tell, for instance; even that which many very honest people may tell, will, in some cases, differ essentially from the truth which I may relate. The truth of history, so much in request, to which every body eagerly appeals, is too often but a word. At the time of the events, during the heat of conflicting passions, it cannot exist; and if, at a later period, all parties are agreed respecting it, it is because those persons who were interested in the events, those who might be able to contradict what is asserted, are no more. What then is, generally speaking, the truth of history? A fable agreed upon. As it has been very ingeniously remarked, there are, in these matters, two essential points, very distinct from each other: the positive facts, and the moral intentions. With respect to the positive facts, it would seem that they ought to be incontrovertible; yet you will not find two accounts agreeing together in relating the same fact: some have remained contested points to this day, and will ever remain so. With regard

to moral intentions, how shall we judge of them, even admitting the candour of those who relate events? And what will be the case if the narrators be not sincere, or if they should be actuated by interest or passions? I have given an order, but who was able to read my thoughts, my real intentions? Yet every one will take up that order, and measure it according to his own scale, or adapt it to his own plans or system. See the different colourings that will be given to it by the intriguer, whose plans it disturbs or favours: see how he will distort it. The man who assumes importance, to whom the ministers or the sovereign may have hinted something in confidence on the subject, will do the same thing; as will the numerous idlers of the palace, who, having nothing better to do than to listen under windows, and invent when they have not heard. And each person will be so certain of what he tells! and the inferior classes of people, who will have received their information from these privileged individuals, will be so certain, in their turn, of its correctness! and then memoirs are digested, memoranda are written, witticisms and anecdotes are circulated; and of such materials is history composed! I have seen the plan of my own battle, the intention of my own orders disputed with me, and opinion decide against me! Is not that the creature giving the lie to its creator? Nevertheless, my opponent, who contradicts me, will have his adherents. . . . People will often give me credit for a great deal of depth and sagacity on occasions which were, perhaps, most simple in themselves; I shall be suspected of plans which I never formed. . . .

It is curious to hear a person like Napoleon thus arguing questions, in which he took so tremendous a share, as if they were merely abstract theories: but we must return from the *medias res*, and try to take our readers along with us through a regular course of these new volumes.

There are at the beginning long instructions to an Ambassador to Poland, which prove that in 1812 Buonaparte earnestly contemplated the reconstruction of that Kingdom, with Poniatowski for its sovereign, as a check against his ally, the Emperor Alexander! This, indeed, appears to have been a very favourite idea; and not so unlikely to be realized, as a multitude of those day-dreams which, in the universality of his visions, he seems to have entertained, and which were utterly ridiculous even in the ruler of 80,000,000 of men. Some of these we shall have occasion to notice as we proceed; but we now yield to priority of page in the order of our quotations.

"I have already mentioned, that in his moments of good humoured familiarity, the Emperor was accustomed to salute me with all sorts of titles, such as 'Good morning, Monseigneur; How is your Excellency?' &c. One evening, when I was about to enter the drawing-room, the usher opened the door for

"* A man of great understanding and information, who had enjoyed much of the Emperor's confidence, and had had a great deal to do with the Emperor directly, said to me, after the first abdication, with the appearance of intimate conviction, that Napoleon's plan had been to abandon Paris, after he should have completed his conquests, and to make Rome the capital of the Empire. I had, at that time, so little knowledge of the Emperor, that this intelligence staggered me; but now I cannot help inquiring where my historian could have got this idea?"

me, and, at the same moment, the door of the Emperor's apartment also opened, and he came out. We both met together; and, in a fit of abstraction, he stopped me, and seizing me by the ear, said, playfully, 'Well; where is your Majesty going?' But the words had no sooner been uttered, than he immediately let go my ear, and, assuming a grave expression of countenance, he began to talk to me on some serious topic. I had, it is true, learned to close my ears when it was necessary; but the Emperor was evidently sorry for having suffered the expression, *your Majesty*, to escape him. He seemed to think, that though other titles might be used in jest, yet the case was very different with the one he had just employed; both on account of its own peculiar nature, and the circumstances in which we were placed. . . .

"At another time, when alluding to the unpopularity of which, he said, he had latterly been the object, I expressed my surprise that he had not endeavoured to countermince the libels that were published against him, and to recover popular favour. To this he replied, with an air of inspiration: 'I had higher objects in view, than to concern myself about flattering and courting a petty multitude; a few insignificant coteries and sects. I should have returned victorious from Moscow, and then, not only these people, but all France, and all the world, would have admired and blessed me. I might then have withdrawn myself mysteriously from the world, and popular credulity would have revived the fable of Romulus; it would have been said, that I had been carried up to heaven, to take my place among the gods!'

This apotheosis, however, he did not seem to expect from the *Salons* of Paris, of which he expresses at once a singular awe and a determined dislike: we fancy they are much the same now as in his time, and therefore gratify them with his opinion—

"— He once more repeated his censure of the saloons of Paris, which, he said, might truly be styled the infernal regions. He observed, that they kept up a constant system of slander and calumny, and that, therefore, they might with justice have engaged the constant attention of all the tribunals of correctional police in the capital."

(To be continued.)

The Three Perils of Woman; or Love, Leasing, and Jealousy. A series of domestic Scottish Tales. By James Hogg. 3 vols. 12mo. London 1823. Longman & Co.

THE author has certainly hit upon one of the fortunate requisites for a novel—a good name. The *Three Perils of Woman* is capital ad captandum; and few circulating libraries will be able to resist the title. With regard to the other requisites, his success is more mixed. A man of a strong but undisciplined imagination, the Ettrick Shepherd, generally produces strange patchwork with his pen; and has not departed from his practice in the present case. These tales accordingly display a vigour which is often very effective, and a well-combined series of incidents, forming a plot rarely uninteresting; but at the same time they are disgraced by coarsenesses and gross vulgarities—are occasionally extravagant beyond sympathy—want consistency and keeping as well as nature in the characters—and are disfigured by a dialect of unintelligible gibberish, such as we believe no native either of England or Scotland can comprehend. Though three names are given to the

stories, Love, Leasing (or Lying,) and Jealousy, they are but two in number: Love occupying the first two volumes; and Leasing, with its sequel, Jealousy, the third. Instead of chapters, the parts are affectively divided into Circles; a very roundabout way of catching notoriety.

The actors in the first drama are, chiefly, Daniel Bell, a wealthy Border sheep farmer; his wife, a selfish matron, of the true Scotch breed; his beautiful daughter Agatha, or Gatty, his son Joseph, and his poor pretty niece Cherry, or Cherubina Elliot; M'Ion, a young highland chieftain, of mysterious parentage; Mrs. Johnston, Gatty's nurse, who turns out to be a lady, and M'Ion's mother; Dick Rickleton, a tremendous Northumbrian boor, related to the Bells; and sundry others, such as M'Turk and Callum Gun, poor Herland Shentlemens; Kate M'Nab, afterwards Mrs. Rickleton; Wagstaff, a miserable poet, et cetera.

M'Ion loves Gatty Bell, and Gatty Bell loves him; but refines so much upon her passion, that she drives the gallant into an offer of marriage to her cousin Cherry. This brings her to her senses and to death's door; on which the magnanimous Cherry sacrifices her heart's affections, and dies, after the marriage of her lover and friend. Strange adventures also befall the wife, who lies three years in a trance, and is unconsciously delivered of a son; but she comes to herself miraculously at last, and all ends happily. The character of the old grazier, Daniel, is forcibly drawn; but Mr. Hogg appears to have thrown out all his powers upon the sturdy representative of Northumberland farmers. The ideas and doings of Mr. Rickleton are, indeed, neither very rational nor decent; but he is made to play the Ajax* aptly enough to such a Hector as M'Ion, an Ulysses as Daniel Bell, a Mentor as Mrs. Johnston, a Helen as Kate M'Nab, an Andromache as Gatty, and a Thersites as Joseph.

There were, it seems, two particularly sore places in this bulky hero's temperament: and while he is on a visit to Edinburgh, dining with M'Ion, his worthy cousin Joe mischievously induces the entertainer and his companions, ignorant of the galls, to rub him where sorest. As this affords one of the most amusing specimens of the book, and we do not intend to go into details, we shall quote it by way of illustration:

"The laird of Burihope (after the wine circulated, we are told,) turned to M'Ion, who sat next him, and asked him what was the chap's name?"

"'Callum Gun,' said M'Ion.

"'Eh? do they really call him Gun?' said Dick.—'By my faith, I wad break any man's head that wad call me sic a daft-like name!'

"'It is his own name, sir,' said M'Ion, 'his father's name, and the name of his clan.'

"'Hoo-hoo-hoo!' vociferated Dick—'head ever any body sic a made lee as that?—Hoo-hoo-hoo!—A gun his father? I wad hae

"* He was a real clod-pole—a moss-jumper—a man of bones, thews, and sinews, with no more mind or ingenuity than an owl; men nicknamed him the *brather-blooter*, from his odd way of laughing, for that laugh could have been heard for five miles all around, on a calm evening, by the Border fells,—and, for brevity's sake, it was often contracted into the *blooter*. But, with all these oddities, Richard Rickleton was as rich as Cressus; at least he was richer, by his own account, than Simon Dodd of Ramshope, and that seemed to be the ultimatum of his ambition."

thought less an his mother had been a gun, and then he might hae come into the world wi' a thudd! Then, according to thy tale, he's the son of a gun, and that used to be thought a name o' great insultation at our skale.—Na, na, Maister Mackane, ye manna try to tak in simple fo'k that gate.—Ye may tak in a bit green swanp of a wonch, but ye manna try to tak in men frae the same country.

"M'Jon looked at Mr. Bell with astonishment, as if expecting some explanation, but the old man only blushed to the top of his nose, and then, to hide this confession of guilt, he applied his handkerchief, and uttered a nasal sound louder than a post-horn.

"Dick was no judge of countenances, and knew not one sort of expression from another, but, hearing a laugh in the party, he imagined he had said something exceedingly witty, and went on—

"After a', I disna see what right ony chap has to blaw in a young thing's lug, till he has made her that saft and soupple to his will, that he may twine her round his finger, and then to turn his back and leave her lying in the slough o' despond.—I thinks that a blade wha wad do that should hae his haffats clontit."

"Certainly," said M'Jon, not in the least understanding what Dick meant, or to what he alluded; but, assured that he meant insolently to some one, and anxious to turn his ideas into some other channel, he answered— "Certainly; I think so too, sir. Pray, Mr. Rickleton, before I forget, could you procure me a pup from some of your Border breeds of dogs?—I am told that you have many curious and genuine breeds in that country. For instance, is there any remains of the little wolf-dog in your neighbourhood?"

"Dick gave over eating, raised himself slowly up in his chair, turned his face toward M'Jon, clenched his knife firmly in his hand, bit his lip, and, with a countenance altogether inexplicable, looked stedfastly in M'Jon's face, without uttering a word. M'Jon had wished to improve on one of the hints given him by his young friend Joseph, desiring to make the boor at least tolerable, by drawing him into some subject that he liked, and that he understood something about; and quite unconscious of having given any offence, he met Richard's eye several times with the most mild and gentlemanly demeanour possible. The latter continued his threatening attitude without moving, fixed in the position of a dog that has taken up a dead point. All the party sat in silent alarm; and even Joseph gave over laughing, for he perceived his savage attitude, which M'Jon did not, he being sitting close beside him, and engaged in helping some of the party with his good cheer. Dick at length, seeing nobody like to take any notice of him, or to appear the least frightened, broke silence, and, in a stentorian voice, said—"I'll tell thee what it is, honest man; hee the Lord, speer thou that question at me again, if thou darest, for the life o' thee!"

"Dares, sir!" said M'Jon, without any anger in his voice.—"I hope you did not mean to apply that term to me by way of defiance? I made the request to you in good fellowship, and I shall certainly do it again, until you either comply, or refuse it.—Can you, I say, procure me from your country a breed of the little wolf-dog?"

"Ay, ay!—gavan haund chap, too!" exclaimed Dick, and again fell to the viands

before him; but at every bite and sup he took, he uttered some term of bitter threatening.—"Little wolf-dog, I'faith!—No very biate neither! Weel, weel, I'll mind it!"

"Thank you, sir," said M'Jon.

"Thank me, sir!" exclaimed Dick; "sutor me an I disna thank somebody though, or them and me part!"

Callum also makes him wince on this point, but it is soon followed by another provocation:— "At a convenient time, M'Jon thought he would make an experiment of the other hint given him by his young friend Joseph, who, at his father's command, had by that time gone down stairs to the ladies. To be sure the last had succeeded remarkably ill, but it was likely this would succeed better, and if not he did not care. 'Is there a creature on the Border fells that they call a heather-blooter?' said M'Jon carelessly, looking Dick in the face.

"Wha the devil bade thee ax siccen a question as that, mun?" returned Dickie. "I'll tell thee what it is, sur—Here I sit. My name is Richard Rickleton, Esquire. I am laird of Burihope, a freehauder i' the county o' Northumberland, a trustee on the turnpike roads, and farmer o' seventeen thousand acres o' land. I hae as muckle lying siller over and aboon as wad hire ony three Heilanden to be flunkies to the dell, and I winna sit nae langer to be mockit. I scart your buttons, sir."

"Shentlemens! Shentlemens!" cried Peter M'Turk, "what for peing all this prond offence? There is such a fellow as the hadder-blooter. I have seen her myself, with her long nose; and she pe always calling out Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo."

"I scart your buttons too, sir," said Dick, scratching the ensign's button with his nail. "I suppose thou understands that, dis thou?" "Nho—Tamm me if I dhoo!" said Peter, with great emphasis.

"Then I suppose thou understands that, dis thou?" rejoined Dick; and at the same time he lent Ensign M'Turk such a tremendous blow a little above the ear, that it knocked him fairly down, and he fell with a groan on the floor, like a bull from the stroke of a butcher's axe.

"Good God! what does the brute mean?" cried Callum, in a key of boundless rage.

"Sir, this must be answered elsewhere, and in another manner," said M'Jon, opening the door; "you are not fit to sit in the company of civilized beings—I desire you to walk out."

"Sutor me if I stir from the spot till I have satisfaction," roared Dick, in his native bellow. "I am a gentleman. My name is Richard Rickleton, Esquire. I am laird of Burihope, a freehauder, a trustee on the turnpike roads, and farmer of seventeen thousand acres of land. I have been insulted here where I stand, and I'll have amends."

"This is my house for the present, sir. There shall be no brutal uproar here. I say walk out before matters get worse, and do not compel me to force you."

"Thou force me! Nay; coome; thou's joking now. I should like to see ane double thy pith force me either out or in!"

M'Jon in one moment had him by the shoulder, and ere Dick had time to get his brawny legs set firm, or so much as look about him, he was at the door, and that bolted behind him."

He now makes a tremendous row, and is consequently taken to the police office, where

he fells the magistrate, and afterwards fights three marvellous, incredible and tiresome duels with M'Jon, M'Turk, and Callum Gun.

With this single example we might deliver Mr. Hogg over to the judgment of the public; remarking summarily, that it is to be regretted he had no friend to consult who would have prevailed on him to strike out several very indecent and reprehensible passages; assuring him that no author ought to write what no gentleman could say in respectable, far less in female, society. Further, that his anecdote of the Duke of Wellington is a silly falsehood; that his characters, Cherry for example, are unnatural when in one page they are guilty of the most childish rustic simplicity, and in another manifest the noblest sentiments of refinement; that the frequent allusions to women of ill-fame, and especially Gatty's letter about them, are in the worst possible taste; and that the prayers and religious offices, so conspicuously interspersed in all the Edinburgh productions of fiction, and so very plentifully bestowed upon this tale, very often approach to blasphemy, and are generally profane and revolting to good feeling. To demonstrate this we shall merely add some of Daniel Bell's supplications, when his daughter lies at the point of death:

"O Lord, it's but unco seldom that I come hurklin afore you, to fash ye w' ony poor petitions o' mine; for I hae been aye o'er upliftit an' massy about ought that ye gae me to complain; an' whan ye were pleased to tak ought frae me, I held my tongue. I hae aye countit mysel clean unworthy o' being heard, or ony way tentit by sic a good being as thou art, an' therefore I didna like to come yammering an' whinain afore ye every hour o' the day, for this thing an' the tither thing. Ye ken weel yourself it was out o' nae disrespect, but I thought it was unco selfish like to be biggle-haggin a hale lifetime for favours to a poor frail worm, an' frae ane wha kend a' my wants sae weel, an' whom I never yet distrustit. But now, indeed, my good Lord an' Master, the time is comed that I maun expostulate with ye a wee, an' ye're no to tak it ill. — If thou canna stock heaven wi' bright an' beauteous spirits otherwise than at the expense o' breaking parents' hearts, it strikes me that thou hast a dear pennyworth. But I am an ignorant an' blindfauldit creature, an' canna faddom the least o' thy divine decrees, an' I pray for forgiveness.—I ken thou wilt do a' for the best at the lang run, but the feelings that thou hast given deserve some commiseration for the present. I therefore beg an' implore of thee, for the sake of him who died for the children of men, that thou wilt spare my child. Spare an' recover her, O Lord, that she may live to shew forth thy praise in the land of the living; an' if thou wants a prop for ony o' the sheds in the suburbs o' Heaven, I ken whae will stand thee in as good stead, an' whae winna grudge yielding up his life for hers. —"

"These are my preevat requests, the sentiments o' my ain heart, an' it's the first time I had ever the face to express them afore ye in my hamely mother tongue; but mine's a case o' great dread an' anxiety, an' admits o' nae standin on stappin-stanes.—There's nought for it but plashin through thick an' thin. If thou hast indeed revealed to her spirit the secret of her dissolution, I winna insist on ye brikking your word; for I ken ye're neither like a Yorkshire woo'-man, nor

a Galloway drover, to be saying as thing the day an' another the morn. - - -

"O Lord, look down in mercy an' compassion upon us two poor mortal an' dying creatures here kneeling before thee on the earth, the crumb-claith below thy throne,—an' for the sake o' the best day's-man that ever took a job by the piece since the creation o' the world, an' executed the sairest an' the hardest darg, grant us a remission of our manifold sins. Into these mysteries o' man's salvation I darena, for my part, sae muckle as peep through the borrel hole o' modern devices." - - -

Not to speak harshly of such language, it is shockingly irreverent, and sadly out of place.

The other tales (Leasing and Jealousy) rake up some striking remembrances of the rebellion of 1745-6. They open with an intense interest (and it is the great merit of the author, that he seldom allows the interest to lag); the narrative carries the reader through many scenes of an affecting description, and the conclusion is tragically fine. As in the preceding Novel, however, the most prominent characters are not consistent, and we have such anomalies as the common jilting country servant girl of one chapter (we beg pardon, "circle," and indeed she does belong to several circles) acting the distinguished heroine of high sentiment and noble manners in another.

We conclude with the only piece of poetical composition which these volumes contain: it is a lullaby over a dead baby:

O sweet little cherub, how calm thou'rt reposing,
Thy sorrow is over, thy mild eye is closing,
The world has proved to thee a step-dame unfriendly,

But rest thee, my babe, there's a spirit within thee,
A wonder thou art, as thou lie'st there unshriven,
A stem of the earth and a radiance of heaven;
A flower of the one, thou art fading and dying,
A spark of the other, thou'rt mounting and flying.
Farewell, my sweet baby, too early we sever!
I may come to thee, but to me thou shalt never;
Some angel of mercy shall lead and restore thee,
A pure, living flame, to the mansions of glory.
The moralist's boast may sound prouder and prouder;

The hypocrite's prayer rise louder and louder;
But I'll trust my babe in her trial of danger,
To the mercy of Him that was laid in the manger.

Memoirs of a Young Greek Lady; or, Madame Pauline Adelaide Alexandre Panam, versus the reigning Prince of Saxe-Cobourg. pp. 305. London 1823. Sherwood, Jones, & Co.
Memoires d'une Jeune Grecque, &c. pp. 285. Idem.

In our publication of the 16th inst. we gave the outline of this work from a Parisian critic. Like all scandalous stories, the story of Miss Pauline Panam has created a sensation: the coteries of France were nine nights occupied with the horrors of this afflicted lady; the men still felt her charms, though something the worse for wear; and as her complaint was of a prince and of courts, (at least she says so, though it appears that a great many princes and courtiers were very kind to her,) the miserable romance which she has edified upon the loose data of nearly all the cardinal sins, has been lauded to the echo by those who think nothing wrong which can bring rulers, even if only little German potentates, into contempt.

As we can hardly be expected to know any thing of the Prince of Cobourg, the seducer

of this amiable Greek, (who, by the by, is a thorough Frenchwoman by birth, nature, and education—"a native of France," p. 12—"born in Provence," p. 28—the daughter of a Smyrnesse, p. 30,) we can only judge of his conduct on the showing of his better playmate, who, failing to extort money on her manuscript, has here "done her worst," contrary to the advice of every sensible person whom she affronted by consulting. And it does appear that this Prince (a not over-wise sort of personage,) some ten years ago (in 1814) got enthralled by as perfect a piece of French intrigue, extravagance, and profligacy, as that country, fertile as it is in such productions, ever reared to bother the brains of a German keeper. The forward wealth, it appears, contrived to captivate his highness at a ball when she was only fourteen years of age; but she was a precocious plant, and had relatives every way worthy of being her instructors. A prince is a fish not to be caught every day, and the virtuous family of the Panams were determined to make the most of their gudgeon. Therefore Miss Pauline followed her fond lover to Cobourg, and when she once got there, what with being with child, and other advantages, she played the very devil with the decorum of a court of the fifth rank, and made matter enough for any modern Tacitus to write *de Moribus Germanorum*.

The translation* of her romance (for it is as complete a romance as the Castle of Otranto) will enable English readers to form their opinions; and we shall only go sharply through the leading points, and state what occurs to us upon them.

The volume is prefaced by a kind of *imprimatur*, purporting to be written by the old Prince de Ligne, whose hatred of rank, and equally inveterate gallantry, are ludicrously conspicuous. This gay Lothario writes to the pretty Greek of Provence, he being seventy, and she seventeen:

"Beautiful Pauline, so far as I see; dear Pauline, so far as I feel; adorable Pauline, so far as I believe; send me your letter for Trogoff if you wish. Although to bid you adieu, even for a few days, is a melancholy task, I will go to you this morning to say that painful word; but it shall be in the tenderest manner, as ought to be the case when it is breathed to the most beautiful woman in the world.

"Without the hope almost of meeting you, I went yesterday evening to the rampart after the ballet.

"I think I must tell you once more that I love you."

* It is only tolerably executed, so as to give an idea of the original, but not so faithfully as to render the sense, and far less many of the niceties. We therefore advise those who understand French to take the copy in that language. Of the expediency of this we shall give but one example:

"Je supportai ma solitude avec toute la résignation possible. Elle était dure pour une jeune fille de mon âge. Bientôt cependant on me transféra d'une prison dans une autre. Un nommé Eberhard, directeur des patimmes, comme disait le prince dans sa lettre, et l'un des hommes les meilleurs, qui nient point un visage noir et deux yeux de travers." - - -

Thus translated:
"I bore my solitude, hard as it would seem to a girl of my age, with all possible resignation. My troubles were, however, soon increased by an intimation which I received of an intention to transfer me to another place of abode. A man, whose name was Eberhard, and who was director of the pasturages, as the prince informed me in his letter, and one of the best men that ever wore a dark visage and crooked eyes."

Again—

"I came sooner for the fairest of the fair than for the ballet; but I returned at ten o'clock. Can I see the adorable Pauline at nine o'clock in the morning? Farewell, thou dear creature." †

Of course the sagest advice was to be expected from this cool but amatory old gentleman, and he incites his "beautiful Pauline, dear Pauline, adorable Pauline," to publish by all means; and he gives the following among other cogent reasons:

"As a citizen, as a native of France, as a woman, as a mother, you ought to publish.

"As a woman, it is right for you to fix public attention upon the fortunes and social situation of your sex. Are women to be for ever the degraded playthings of princes and their valets? - - -

"Manners have changed. The conduct of the Duke of Cobourg is of his rank, but not of his time. The ancient manners of courts are the only excuse that can be alleged for it.

"Amidst the snows of the North, we have seen the virile passions of a female sovereign reproducing in a philosophical age the seraglios of Semiramis, and the fantastic love of a woman naming generals and magistrates. - - -

"Courts resemble each other in the two hemispheres, in all ages and in all latitudes.

"In effect, when every pleasure is collected round one person; when the will of the community is dependent on that of one individual as on a centre, in a place where nobody thinks, where only one hierarchy of baseness is established, what virtues can shew themselves?

"In following these examples, the Prince of Coburg is doubtless not excusable: - - -

"Your duty, Madam, is to publish your Memoirs, which will bring back his serene highness to the notions of the age in which he lives. The age demands them as warnings, as lessons, as menaces for power, and as materials for the history of manners."

"Thus did his Grace infer; but really we could fancy that the Memoirs were quite as valuable as lessons to wantons and intrigantes, as for menaces to power or materials for mending the manners of mankind. But the point at issue was to publish and gratify malignity, or be quiet with some pecuniary hush-money, and our spirited author, not satisfied with the latter, resolves on the former; adding these arguments to her Counsellor Ligne's, (since deceased):

"I should be silent, then, had I been only a victim: but I am a mother,—but I have a son. It is for thee, my child, for whom I lift my voice; it is for thee that I brave, weak woman as I am, without friend and without assistance, the vengeance of courts."

To comment seriously upon the narration of this flighty dame would betray a greater lack of common sense than we choose to be suspected of: and we have only to record, that she has furnished the refutation of most of her assertions and fables by the documents in the appendices which she has adduced in support of them. Every letter proves that while clamouring about poverty and starva-

† Another of her friends, a Count Trogoff, is hardly less tender. He writes—"Amiable, beautiful, and adorable woman, I have received your letters." &c.

‡ It is difficult to conceive how in this instance of seducing a girl, the Prince of Cobourg followed the example of the Russian Empress; that the Prince of Ligne might think it possible for an old woman.

tion, she was continually committing the greatest follies, imprudencies, and extravagancies. She is told again and again, "This is the last time your debts will be paid."—"Only conduct yourself prudently, and every thing shall be done for you."—But advice was thrown away; and the patience of her friends was at length exhausted, by her utter disregard of all consequences but the indulgence of a humour as capricious and senseless as ridiculous and affected. Two short extracts will illustrate this. The Duke writes earnestly (for the twentieth time,) "I beg of you again to conduct yourself like a sensible person, if the word respectable be disagreeable to you;"—and his mother, in one of her letters, says, with great appearance of sincerity:—

"You are wrong, Pauline, to complain of Leopold: he could not expend his brother's money, and you have asked for it with all the heedlessness and indiscretion of a French woman. It is but too true, that after so many expensive journeys; Ernest must be very economical after his return; which will not be before the month of February. I will take care that he shall assign to you a life-annuity for the maintenance of your child. Your reflections come a little too late, poor Pauline. It is before committing an imprudence, and following a young man into a foreign country, that you should have reflected on the consequences; and I very much fear that this transaction, which had at first only an air of folly, was nothing more than a plan concerted with your sister for fleeing a young man, and making your fortune at his expense."

This is, we have no doubt, one half of the secret. The other half is, that the Prince of Cobourg, not very sure of the paternity of the son whom Mad^e Pauline produced, but as a man of honour, desirous of providing for the child (upon chance) and his mother, as he was bound to do by their connexion, whatever her after-behaviour was, endeavoured in vain to get the boy from his mother in order to educate and establish him. To her, he was the grand card of extortion; and under the silliest pretences that he was wanted to be murdered, &c. she refused to part with her "dearer than life," exhausting all the verbiage of Parisian sensibility and sentiment on the subject. At page 89 of the Memoirs, is some gross trash of this sort, with which we will not disgrace our paper; but quote a fine theatrical scene, which Mad^e exhibits in proof of her maternal terrors. It is given as a dialogue with the Duchess of Cobourg:

"But, Pauline, you must be jesting. What, then, do you wish to have made of your son? a duke, a prince, an emperor?"

"A man, Madam!"

"Ah! ah!"

"And, as a first requisite, that he receive a good education."

"You are surely raving, my dear."

"No, my Lady Duchess. My child is dearer to me than myself. I will consent still to undergo any sufferings, provided I am assured that he will not be a sharer of them. It is for him alone, and in order to ascertain the intentions of the prince with respect to him, that I have come to Coburg."

"Then give the child to me; I will place him — He shall be given in charge to some honest countryman." — She checked herself.

After some instants of silence, she added, "Pauline, take care. You have, perhaps, heard of a certain Swiss woman — She, too, had pretensions — Her child was taken from her. See now what she is become!"

"Struck with astonishment, I remained silent: but this last observation was not lost upon me. The duchess grew milder, and drew me to her."

"Young and beautiful as you are, there is a great deal of the world and of its pleasures yet in store for you. Don't be foolish. Give me the child, and go and amuse yourself at Paris."

"Oh, Madam, all my pleasures are centred in my child. My future prospects are confined to watching over his destiny. I assure you, I would give up all the amusements of this world for one of his little caresses,—for one of his kisses."

"How childish you are! why, you weep!"

"I beg, pardon, Madam; I ought to conceal my emotion. But you have stung my heart. You despise my child; you wish me to desert it; you threaten to tear him from me; and you would send him to be brought up amongst those poor people whom society treats with a disdain, so unjust but so profound! He is the son of a prince; he is mine; he is the child of your son. You know whether I quitted my country voluntarily; and you are not unacquainted with the circumstances which brought me here, and reduced me to the deplorable part which I sustain. You are my protectress; and you reject my son! and you wish —!"

"Dry up your tears; give over sobbing; come, be calm, Adieu, Pauline; to-morrow I will see you again, and will speak with you. You are not now in a state to hear me. Adieu."—The duchess left me."

After this a hundred attempts were made to poison her and the child, and as many to force him from her; but they all failed, for she resolutely refused to be poisoned, and as for taking the boy from her, a regiment of grenadiers could not do it.

"My child was dying; we had no bread; when I craved some, the people, in the pay of the barbarian, loaded me with abuse: milk, water, the smallest morsel of brown bread, were refused us; all that we had was thrown out at the windows. Even my child, my only treasure, whom I kept pressed to my heart, they came to tear from me, and the cruel wretches would have taken him, if an involuntary fury had not seized me. I forced him from them with an effort of strength of which I did not think myself capable. 'Monsters!' said I, 'you may kill your master's son; but you must kill his mother first!' The wretches reeled back astonished."

Again, on quitting Cobourg,—

"A prolonged insult accompanied our route: the subalterns, the worst and most cruel of all tyrants, had been charged to avenge the prince; they acquitted themselves marvellously well. I was refused food; I was ill treated; they would have almost killed my child in my arms if they had not feared the anger of a mother, and if I did not fly to defend him several times, at the risk of my own life."

In the midst of such distresses our lively author finds opportunities to be mightily amused with German beds, so unlike those of France; with the unpicturesque country, with the manners of the people, and, above all, with the bad French in which they correspond. This last is an endless source of joke and pleasantry. Other traits of character may be conjectured from the annexed quotations:

"An officer made tender proposals, and a merchant paid his disagreeable court to me. A sermon was preached to me by a religious, which redoubled my ennui. —"

"The importunities of some, and the galantries of others, compassion and curiosity, and moral lessons and questions, overpowered me. I endured all the pains of martyrdom."

"To crown my ennui, the prince be-

came jealous for a short time. The genius of misfortune so ordered it, that as I was walking one evening within the bounds which he had prescribed to me, and being upon the brow of a small hill, I made a false step and fell down. Impelled by the violence of my fall and my own weight, I rolled to the very bottom of the hill. I was insensible: my bonnet was thrown to a distance; my head had struck against flints; I was slightly hurt. Some gentlemen met me: they raised me from the ground, they paid me every attention, and I opened my eyes, when the voice of the prince, added to his frowning aspect, petrified me with terror. —"

"I was not to enjoy my repose long. In my jaunts to Coburg, and round its environs, the brother of the Duke, Prince Leopold, had observed me: it is probable also, that he had been of the party which I had so fortunately met near the farm of Eberhard. Be that as it may, he was not content with having seen me accidentally, he determined to pay me a visit."

"For this purpose he chose a singular and inconvenient hour. At seven o'clock in the morning the bell rung. I was in bed, fatigued with my promenades during the week, when he announced himself by whistling some French airs, in one of the apartments which led to my bed-chamber. More surprised than any one can imagine, I threw myself out of bed, and had just wrapped myself in a night-gown, when he entered."

"He was a tall young man, with a counterfeit look, and a smile disagreeably sentimental. After having made his excuses in sufficiently bad French, for the manner in which he introduced himself to me, he began to commiserate my situation, and to blame his brother. He told me how much he interested himself for my happiness; that he was sorry to see me so badly accommodated; and that he feared my health would suffer from such seclusion and so inconvenient a residence. I made him no answer; but as soon as I could get near the door, I ran away from one chamber to another. I passed through several empty rooms, and at last took refuge in an old flour-loft. I bolted the door, and hid myself behind the sacks. Five hours passed away before I had courage enough to emerge from my place of concealment."

"When I left it the prince was gone; but the duke came soon after. It was necessary to inform him of what had happened: this was a terrible scene of jealousy, anger, rage, and wounded pride; I appeased him as well as I could. The result of all these frights and violent emotions was a dangerous fever, which seized me almost as soon as the duke left me. I again fell sick, and kept my bed for fifteen days."

"What woman would have been sufficiently strong to have found in her moral firmness and physical energy, the means of supporting so many sufferings and troubles?"

Our last and present Gazette contains the account of the sufferings of the Countess de Bonchamps—that narrative will spare us the task of answering Mad^e Alexandre's question, or of animadverting on her lamentations. In a woman, it is true, we could pity even imaginary griefs, and where we saw real sorrow in that sex, we would not be very inquisitive about its cause, if we could wipe the tear away. But this writer has no claim to our compassion. Turbulent and vicious, regardless of probabilities and truth, viru-

lent and the tool of violence; she is neither entitled to the sympathy of her own sex, nor the respect of ours.

Having done her utmost to cause the unlucky Prince who was smitten with her early beauty to lament the imprudence of his connexion, and having greatly succeeded in plaguing the House of Cobourg, she has now put the last stroke to her revenge by publishing all she knew, and—more. For a while, this wayward, perverse, troublesome, and deceitful heroine, will be carressed by the party circles of Paris, and some fool or fools will succeed the sagacious M. de Ligne: her son will find a father somewhere, and she will, we hope (as is the fashion with her class,) repent when she grows old.

STEWART'S PAST AND PRESENT STATE OF JAMAICA.

We make no apology for continuing our analysis of this valuable work. Illustrating the present condition of this important settlement, Mr. Stewart states that—

"The white inhabitants of Jamaica consist of creoles, or natives of the country, and Europeans. There may be about three of the former to two of the latter. Formerly there was a marked difference in the habits, manners, and mode of life of those two classes, but that no longer generally exists. The primitive creolian customs and manners are fast disappearing, being superseded by the more polished manners of European life. Even within the last fifteen or twenty years a very considerable improvement has taken place in the state of society here. . . .

"There are obstacles, however, in this country which must necessarily operate to keep down the state of society far below that improvement of which it would otherwise be capable. These partly grow out of and are inseparably connected with a state of slavery, but more especially arise from the gross immorality which too generally prevails among all ranks."

Hardness of heart and cruelty naturally grow out of a familiarity from childhood with the oppression and punishments of slaves; the boys become brutal, and the girls insensible to human miseries. And it is still more painful to trace with the author the other leading cause of degeneracy. "But even if slavery (says he) and its attendant abuses did not exist here, no great additional improvement in the state of society could be expected, while the most gross and open licentiousness continues, as at present, to prevail among all ranks of the whites. . . . Every unmarried white man, and of every class, has his black or his brown mistress, with whom he lives openly; and of so little consequence is this thought, that his white female friends and relations think it no breach of decorum to visit his house, partake of his hospitality, fondle his children, and converse with his housekeeper—as if that conduct, which they regarded as disgraceful in their own class, was not so in the female of colour. . . . But the most striking proof of the low estimate of moral and religious obligation here is the fact, that the man who lives in open adultery,—that is, who keeps his brown or black mistress, in the very face of his wife and family and of the community, has generally as much outward respect shown him, and is as much countenanced, visited, and received into company, especially if he be a man of some weight and influence in the community, as if he had been guilty of no breach of decency or de-

liction of moral duty! This profligacy is, however, less common than it was formerly; for among the old creoles, a brown or sable favourite, and sometimes even a harem of these ladies, was considered as an indispensable appendage to the establishment of a married man. . . .

"If a gentleman pays his addresses to a lady, it is not thought necessary, as a homage to her delicacy, to get rid, *a priori*, of his illicit establishment, nor is the lady so unreasonable as to expect such a sacrifice; the brown lady remains in the house till within a few days of the marriage, and, if she is of an accommodating disposition, even assists in making preparations for the reception of the bride; in which case there may be a tolerable good understanding between them, and the wife may even condescend to take in good part the occasional calls, inquiries, and proffered services of the ex-favourite, and make suitable returns of kindness to her and her children. Nothing is more common than for the brown mistress of a white man to apply to a respectable married lady to become godmother to her female infant,—a request which is not often refused, though the sponsor must be well aware that this child is destined, from the way in which she is brought up, to follow the footsteps of her mother. But it is thought to be only a form, and the kind-hearted white lady could hardly refuse so slight a favour to a decent, well-behaved brown woman, who would consider such refusal as a most grievous affront, for they do not consider the sponsorship of one of their own class as at all desirable or creditable.

"These semi-barbarous customs and practices, as they may well be called, will sufficiently show that this is not the happiest country in the world for a virtuous and well-educated female."

It is characteristic of the island to add—
"The white females of the West Indies are generally rather of a more slender form than the European women. Their complexion, which they are peculiarly careful to preserve, is either a pure white or brunette, with but little or none of the bloom of the rose, which, to a stranger, has rather a sickly appearance at first, though that impression gradually wears off. Their features are sweet and regular—their eyes rather expressive than sparkling—their voices soft and pleasing—and their whole air and looks tender, gentle, and feminine. With the appearance of languor and indolence, they are active and animated on occasion, particularly when dancing, an amusement of which they are particularly fond, and in which they display a natural ease, gracefulness, and agility, which surprise and delight a stranger. They are fond of music, and there are few who have not an intuitive taste for it, and fine voices. They are accused of excessive indolence; and *outré* examples of this are given by those whose object is to exhibit them to ridicule. These exaggerations, like all others of a national description, savour more of caricature than truth. The heat of the climate, joined to the still habits of a sedentary life, naturally beget a languor, listlessness, and disposition to self-indulgence, to which the females of more northern climates are strangers. The daily loll in bed, before dinner, is so gratifying a relaxation, that it has become almost as necessary as their nightly repose.

"To sum up, in few words, the character of the creole ladies,—they are so excessively fond of pleasure and amusements, that they

would be glad if the whole texture of human life were formed of nothing else; balls in particular are their great delight: they are averse to whatever requires much mental or bodily exertion, dancing excepted; reading they do not care much about, except to fill up an idle hour; and diligence, industry, and economy, cannot be said to be among the number of their virtues."

Such are the possessors and habits of an island, of the European adventurers to which "by far the greater number—certainly not less than four-fifths—fall victims to disease before they have realized a sufficiency; while only a favoured few (perhaps not more than five or six in a hundred) ever return to their native country with a fortune, or competency."

In fact it seems impossible to restrain the coloured population from acquiring a complete ascendancy within no very extended period of years; for—

"While the number of the whites remain stationary, or nearly so, the people of colour are rapidly increasing. In 1788 it was computed that there were 10,000 free people of colour in the island; there are now upwards of three times that number. That a population should be trebled in thirty-four years, by natural increase within itself, were physically impossible; but this vast increase arises out of the whole mass of the population, white, black, and brown. It is probable that nineteen-twentieths of the white males have their brown or black mistresses, either free or otherwise, by whom they generally have children, who, if born slaves, are often manumitted. This will account for the vast increase above stated. A respectable clergyman in the island assured the author, some years ago, that he usually had occasion to baptize about fifteen brown children for one white child. The male part of this population may be divided into three classes—namely, the offspring of men of fortune and station (some of the most distinguished in the island have families of this class), who are sent to Great Britain to be liberally educated, and are destined to inherit independent fortunes—the offspring of men in moderate circumstances, who generally give them a plain education, and leave the bulk of their property among them at their death—and, lastly, the offspring of men who either have not the means or the inclination to provide for them. This last is probably the most numerous class: many of them live in idleness and vice, a burden to themselves and to the community. Into the hands of the first and second class much of the property of the country is fast falling.—So that there can be little doubt that the time is not far distant when the free people of colour, feeling their own weight in numbers, property, and information, will not rest content with any qualifications short of what the whites enjoy; nor will the latter be in a condition to refuse this boon. Though this equalization, and blending as it were, of the two classes, be regarded by the whites as a great political evil, it will nevertheless unquestionably be brought about, at no distant period, through their own agency. A change in the morals and manners, or the latter—not feeble and partial laws and regulations—can alone secure the respect and obedience of this growing class to their dominion."

The author, on the other hand, indicates some excellent results from the abolition of the Slave Trade; of which the increase of population, and the bettered condition of the slaves, are not the least prominent. At the

same time he complains of the injustice shown towards the colonists by Mr. Wilberforce and the friends of the African Institution; who are prone to misrepresent them, and blacken their characters in order to support their own opinions and attain their own objects. He considers the extinction of slavery as devoutly to be wished; but contends that the negroes must be gradually prepared for this boon, that they are utterly unfit for it now, that it must be the work of diligence, caution, and time, and that premature haste would bring numberless evils upon the slaves themselves, and ruin upon the West India Colonies—a stake of the value of one hundred millions of money, for property embarked under the guarantee of British laws! Treating on this point, Mr. S. cursorily adverts to the diversity of character among the negro tribes.

"The Eboe is crafty, artful, disputative in driving a bargain, and suspicious of being over-reached by those with whom he deals; but withal, patient, industrious, saving, and tractable. The Coromantee is, on the contrary, fierce, violent, and revengeful under injury and provocation; but hardy, laborious, and manageable under mild and just treatment. This tribe has generally been at the head of all insurrections, and was the original parent-stock of the Maroons. The Congo, Papaw, Chamba, Mandingo, &c. are of a more mild and peaceable disposition than the Coromantee, but less industrious and provident than the Eboe. The Mandingoes are a sort of Mahomedans, though they are too ignorant to understand any thing of the Alcoran, or of the nature of their religion: some of them, however, can scrawl a few rude Arabic characters, but without understanding or being able to explain much of their meaning. Probably they are scraps from the Alcoran which they have been taught by their imams, or priests. The creole negroes are the descendants of the Africans, and may be said to possess in common the mingled dispositions of their parents or ancestors. But they pretend to a great superiority in intellect and manners over the Africans—boast of their good fortune in being born creoles,—and the farther they are removed from the African blood the more they pride themselves thereon.

"The passions and affections of the negroes, not being under the control of reason or religion, sometimes break out with frightful violence; rage, revenge, grief, jealousy, have often been productive of terrible catastrophes; but it is only in their intercourse with each other that this impetuosity prevails; they are so far subdued by a habitual awe of the whites as to have a mastery over their passions, and, if ill treated, they brood in silence over their wrongs, watching for a favourable opportunity of revenge. . . .

Numerous instances of the gratitude and attachment of negro slaves towards their masters have come within the author's knowledge; though he has also had occasion to witness the most hardened ingratitude in individuals of this race, not only to their masters and their fellow-slaves, but even to their parents, when age and decrepitude had rendered their kindness and assistance doubly necessary and welcome. Filial gratitude is not so powerful an affection as parental love, and among the negro race this is often strikingly exemplified.

Very affecting scenes often occurred of negro sales during the existence of the slave-trade. Groups of slaves were seen with their

arms entwined round each other's necks, waiting, with sad and anxious looks, the expected moment of separation. Perhaps they were sisters and friends—perhaps a mother and her children—perhaps a husband and wife. In vain was the endeavour to separate them—they clung closer together, they wept, they shrieked piteously, and, if forcibly torn asunder, the buyer had generally cause to regret his inhumanity; despair often seized on the miserable creatures, and they either sunk into an utter despondency or put a period to their lives.

"Though scenes of this kind often occurred, it is yet too true that the unnatural African father, prompted by the love of lucre, will sometimes sell his children, the children trepan their parent, and one friend betray another! This is no groundless allegation; the author has often heard recitals of this savage conduct from their own mouths. He was once an eye-witness of a curious scene arising from a circumstance of this nature.

A negro, who had been some years in the country, happening one day to meet an elderly slave who had just been purchased from a slave-trader recently arrived, he recognised him as his father—who, it seems, had sold him to the Europeans. Without explanation or preface, he addressed to him a speech, in his country dialect, which he thus translated to the bystanders:—*'So, you old rogue, dem catch you at last—no—Buckra do good—you no cure for your pickinnie (child)—but they will make you feel your pinch too.'*

"The negroes, though so rude and ignorant in their savage state, have a natural shrewdness and genius which is doubtless susceptible of culture and improvement. . . .

"Their sayings often convey much force and meaning, and would, if clothed in a more courtly dress, make no despicable figure even among those precepts of wisdom which are ascribed to wiser nations. When they wish to imply that a peaceable man is often wise and provident in his conduct, they say, *'Softly water run deep'*; when they would express the oblivion and disregard which follows them after death, they say, *'When man dead grass grow at him door'*; and when they would express the humility which is the usual accompaniment of poverty, they say, *'Poor man never vex.'* . . .

"A master of an African trader, travelling in Jamaica, and not knowing his way, inquired of a negro, whom he met, the road to Mr. —'s house. The negro recognising him to be the captain of the ship in which he had been brought from his native country, eyed him with a look of ineffable contempt, without making any reply: on the question being reiterated, he replied with much indignation, as conceiving himself jested with by one who had injured him so deeply, *'You want for make fool of me—no?—you can find pass go in a Guinea country bring me come here, but you can't find pass go in a massa house.'* . . .

"Some tribes are far more rational than others in their religious opinions. By intercourse with each other, and with the Europeans, the absurdity of many of their native superstitions is gradually laid aside—at least in practice. One opinion they all agree in, and that is the expectation that, after death, they shall first return to their native country, and enjoy again the society of kindred and friends, from whom they have been torn away in an evil hour. This idea, combined with their terrors, used to prompt numbers, on their first arrival, to acts of suicide."

With this affecting trait we take leave of this very meritorious volume: trusting with its able author, that the efforts of the new curates appointed in 1818 will be directed to the information of the negro mind, and the instruction of that debased class in their moral duties. Such a course will prepare them for freedom indeed; without endangering society as has been done by the rhapsodical nonsense of ignorant teachers, who have dwelt on abstruse dogmas they did not themselves comprehend, and only bewildered the unhappy wretches they pretended to enlighten. From this reproach the Moravian and Wesleyan missionaries are absolved by Mr. Stewart; but he justly condemns other fanatics, who have given mysteries for sound advice, and only rendered those wicked or unhappy whom they might by a wiser process have led to virtue and comfort.

MARCHIONESS DE BONCHAMPS ON LA VENDEE.

THE narrative from the period up to which the first part of our review has conducted the reader, changes its character: we have no longer scenes of contest and of alternate victory and reverse. The story becomes that of a proscribed woman, a fugitive, with her two children, seeking shelter and sustenance. Rarely have we read a more melancholy tale: how much does its realities destroy the effects of the pathetic inventions of the novelist!

The condition and feelings of the bereft widow are described with most natural truth:

"For several days I was left in ignorance of the irreparable loss I had sustained. A courier came to tell me from my husband, that he desired me to set off for Brittany. I made inquiries about him, and was answered that he had already sent his horses on my route. Thus deceived with regard to this lamentable event, I immediately set off with my children, without any inquietude. We passed the Loire in a boat; but the grief and consternation of the peasants whom I met, soon made me anticipate some misfortune. I questioned them eagerly; and I at last heard that I had lost the object of my warmest affection and of my most profound admiration, and that all my hopes of glory and happiness were gone. At the moment when I heard those terrible words, 'he no longer lives,' I thought my own life would have also terminated. For some minutes I remained in a state which bordered upon stupidity. During the war I had a thousand times feared for his life, and yet this dreadful event appeared as incomprehensible to me, as if I had never had reason to foresee and dread it. The imagination, which exaggerates so many things could not give an idea of such a rending of the heart, of such an annihilation of every hope. I was roused from this sinking torpor, and regained the power of reflection, only to feel at once all the pangs which can overwhelm the soul. Without religion I should have yielded in despair;—but I resigned myself, I prayed, and I then knew I should have strength to support my deplorable situation.

"My children, who were so dear to me, far from being a consolation, now aggravated my sorrows. I could not cast my eyes upon them without experiencing the most painful feeling of compassion. They had nothing left but the name of Bonchamps; it was indeed an inheritance; but what cares, what affection, could take the place of such a father? My little Hermene, above all, distracted me; I could only begin his education, but he who

could alone have finished it worthily—to the extent of a mother's wishes, was taken from us.

"This child promised, as far as could be exhibited in such tender years, all the virtues and all the courage of his father; when he was on horseback, (always supported by a servant and by my side,) in the rear of the army, and he heard the cannon, far from being frightened, he became animated, and beating the little drum which he would always have with him, he cried *Victory! Victory!* He had an astonishing memory; he knew a multitude of soldiers by name, and in his childish talk he always exhorted them to fight '*pour bon Dieu et le Roi.*' I do not exaggerate in saying that his little exhortations, which caused a smile, have more than once animated the ardour of the Vendéans. This child, on the field of battle, was equally cherished by officers and soldiers. M. Henri de la Rochejaquelein took the most tender interest in him, and he had such especial care of him, that he always had him to sleep with him.

"I set off for Varades, where I found MM. de la Rochejaquelein and d'Antichamp, who informed me that my husband, before he expired, had committed me to their protection. They declared to me that I must resolve always to follow the army, because in that manner alone could they direct their attentions towards me, and consequently answer for my safety;—I submitted to this without hesitation.

"The war still continued, and as I was proceeding with my children to join the rear of the army, I heard the cannon afar off. I had heard it often when M. de Bonchamps was at the head of his troops; for, whenever he quitted me, he always left me in some house near the field of battle, and then this terrible sound of murderous artillery caused in me a shuddering, of which nothing can express the horror;—M. de Bonchamps then fought.—But now that I had nothing to fear for him, this same sound caused me only a feeling of mournful remembrance of those tears which it used to draw from me;—never after the death of my husband did this alarming noise produce to me the slightest emotion;—I had exhausted every sensation of grief and terror of this kind.

"I followed the army to the end of the war."

At the close of this disastrous struggle commenced her flights and peculiar dangers. At one place she writes,

"As I was in great want of sleep, I threw myself dressed upon the bed, and slept profoundly. I was abruptly roused at five o'clock by the mistress of the house, who came in haste to tell me that the blues were coming into those parts. I had only time to save myself, with my two children and the girl who followed us, in order to reach the village of Saint-Herbolon. The distance between that village and Ancenis is hardly four leagues;—but although we set off at five o'clock in the evening, we only reached Saint-Herbolon at six in the morning. It is true we were on foot, and that I carried Herménée on my back;—any servant carried my daughter. We often saw the blues at a distance; and then we were obliged to go back: I am convinced that in this flight we walked six or seven leagues. Having reached Saint-Herbolon, after having been exposed to a thousand dangers, we were hospitably received at a farm;—that very day a burning

fever obliged us all three to be put to bed. My daughter and myself found our bodies covered with pustules; it was the small-pox. The symptoms were very mild in my little girl, and myself; but with Herménée the eruption was imperfect, and in that moment he gave me the most heart-rending anxiety.

"We were not yet recovered from this frightful malady, when some neighbours came to tell the farmer with whom we lodged, that if he had Vendéans concealed with him, he ought to send them away without delay, to avoid the destruction of his house by a detachment of blues who were approaching. The farmer led us, in this extremity, to a barn open to every blast, and there laid us under the straw. We remained there all night. An excessive cold, joined to all that Herménée had suffered at the passage of the Loire, completely threw back the eruption of the small-pox, and the next day this dear child expired on my bosom. I know not what would have become of me in this horrible situation without religion, which is all-sufficient and all-supporting. I saw this beloved child in heaven, and I only wept for myself. I wrapped him in a large white handkerchief, and I held him dead in my arms for forty-eight hours, unwilling to part with the body till I could deposit it in consecrated ground. At length I found the means of having him secretly buried in the church-yard of Saint-Herbolon. This cruel event having led to the discovery that we were sheltered in this barn, we were obliged to leave it. A good man of the village, named Drouneau, came to take us away, and he conducted us (my daughter and myself) to the house of one of his relations at Hardouillière, about half a league from Saint-Herbolon. We were yet covered with small-pox. I agreed to part from my faithful servant; but I had the consolation of thinking, that, being no longer with us, she had ceased to incur any individual danger.

"The republicans having come from Nantes, to make a search about our new refuge, we were compelled without delay to leave the house; and we were placed in the hollow of a tree, about twelve feet high. We climbed to this hiding-place by means of a ladder, and we remained in it three days and three nights, having the small-pox: I had moreover a gathering in the knee and one in the leg. I suffered greatly from these two sores, yet I believe they contributed to save my life, as they freely carried off all the humours of my disease.

"The good peasant placed near us, in the hollow of the tree, a small pitcher of water and a morsel of bread. After the moment of joy which I derived from the possibility of saving myself with my child, even in the hollow of a tree, who can express all that I suffered in that sad situation? But it was an asylum, and in that terrible hour it was every thing. Never did any one with more satisfaction and pleasure take possession of a convenient and suitable apartment. But, afterwards, what dark reflections came crowding upon my mind. At the end of an hour I found myself so fatigued, by the constrained attitude in which I was obliged to remain in this narrow prison, and which I could not change, that I thought it would be impossible for me to close my eyes. My daughter suffered less than myself, because I held her on my knees, and she could turn about, which she never did without rubbing my diseased knee: in these moments she always gave me extreme pain; but I abstained from complaint.

I spent, indeed, a horrible night, and my inquietude, as well as my bodily sufferings, did not allow me a moment of repose. My daughter slept a little; but during her sleep she constantly groaned, and her wailings wrung my heart. When she awoke, it was to ask for drink. I was myself devoured by a burning thirst, which I dared not satisfy, in the fear of exhausting our little store of water. At length, at break of day, our charitable peasant came to bring us some brown bread and some apples. This visit alone was a consolation for me; it proved to me that we were not entirely abandoned, and that we had yet a support and a protector. I had no appetite, but I eagerly ate some of the apples, because they quenched my thirst a little; but I soon perceived that this bad nourishment aggravated my disease. My daughter experienced the same effect;—our fever redoubled. In spite of the cold of the season we were both burning; we were not only without a physician, without any relief from skill, without servants, but without a bed, without a room, without having even the possibility of stretching ourselves; a prey to the sufferings of a dangerous malady, and exposed to the inclemency of the air; for if the weather had not been frosty, and it had become stormy, the rain and hail would have fallen in our tree. In this dreadful state, it appeared impossible not to sink speedily under such a combination of evils. This idea caused in me the most extraordinary feeling that could ever distract the mind of a mother: I wished to survive my daughter, had it been only for an hour. I could not bear the thought of what would become of her—of what she would feel, when I should no longer answer her, when she would no longer receive my caresses, when I should no longer support her in my arms, when she should see me motionless, lifeless, cold, insensible to her tears and her cries. These thoughts rent my soul; they would assuredly have cost me my life but for religion, which lifted me above myself. I prayed with confidence, fervour, and resignation; and after every prayer, poured out from the bottom of my heart, I felt myself strengthened and re-animated; my pulse beat with less violence; my fever lessened; my heavy eyes closed, and I sometimes slept two or three hours in succession, with the sweetest and calmest sleep; my daughter also recovered her strength, and I ceased to fear for her life. On the morning of the third day, they brought us some milk, which I saved for my child, and which did her great good. At length our place of refuge was discovered, or at least suspected. A peasant, passing in the dusk of the evening near our tree, heard me cough several times; he guessed that somebody was hidden in the tree. On his arrival in the village, he mentioned this circumstance. An old soldier of the army of M. de Bonchamps heard his account; he was living with his aged father. Having served in the army of the royalists, he often hid himself when the republicans passed through the village. Knowing I was a fugitive, he soon discovered the truth; but he abstained speaking of it to the other villagers. He pretended to retire to rest, but instead of lying down, he came immediately to the place where I was, of which he had informed himself. All at once, towards the end of the night, I heard myself called by my name;—the unsuitable howls and the rough voice of a man which I did not recognize, terrified me very much. I did not answer. The soldier was not discouraged

he pronounced his name, but that did not give me confidence, for I did not remember it. Nevertheless he persisted, adding, in a low voice, *Trust yourself to a soldier of the army of Bonchamps*. This name, so dear, produced upon me the effect which he expected. My tears flowed, whilst I thanked God for sending me a deliverer. He climbed to the top of the tree, assisted me to get up to him, and prevailed upon me to place myself upon his shoulders. Although the load was heavy, he descended with much dexterity and good fortune; but as he was reaching the ground, his foot slipped, and we all fell into the hedge. My fear for my child was extreme; but I was soon comforted, for this poor little girl, who suffered no injury from the fall, began to laugh at it. This laughter, so astonishing in our circumstances, this sound so strange to my ear, at once caused me surprise, joy, and the most tender emotion. The soldier conducted us to his father's house hard by. This good old man and his family received us with an affecting cordiality. They lighted a large fire, which produced such an effect upon me, that, having warmed myself for a moment, I fainted. These good people, in their terror, thought at first I was dead. My poor child uttered piercing cries. At length, by their kind attentions, I recovered my senses. They put me with my little girl to bed, and although we had only a bad mattress I found it delightful. The possibility of stretching myself caused me the most agreeable sensation: I never passed a better night. Our sleep was long and peaceful, and the next morning we were really convalescent. But the terrifying news of the approach of the blues forced us, the following night, to hide ourselves with the soldier in a large stack of hay: I again slept very well, and only awoke in broad daylight, but with a violent head-ache. However, the soldier, who feared for himself as well as for us, told me that the direction which the blues had taken made it necessary for us to go to la Hardouillière. I consented; because I was certain to receive protection from the family of the peasant, who had provided me with food in my tree. We set off, under the guidance of the soldier, who told us to follow him at a distance, a precaution which he thought necessary for his own safety. I was, however, in want of his arm; for although the air had relieved my head-ache, I had such a weakness in my limbs that I could scarcely walk. But there is nothing that necessity will not render possible; and I performed this journey without accident, though slowly. The good people at la Hardouillière received me with the more joy, as they had been very uneasy on my account, not having found me in my tree. They told me they would give me refuge as long as I pleased. I rested myself there for some days, and surely never did the magnificence of a palace cause so much pleasure as the satisfaction I experienced in that cottage, having the power to sit on a wooden stool before a rude table, with the liberty of going about the house, and enjoying the comfort of a lamp in the evening, and spending the night on a straw bed."

These deplorable distresses are finally consummated by a capture, thus simply but touchingly related:

"I promised to return to the cottage in the evening; but I afterwards changed my design, and abandoned myself entirely to Providence. I wandered alone in the fields; I passed the night in a ditch; the voice of some republican troops who passed by awoke me. Although I

was dressed as a peasant, and pretended to be an inhabitant of the country, they arrested me. The name I had assumed was immediately known to be false by the people who guided them. They however did not know my real name, and the description they had received of my features, being drawn out before I had the small-pox, could not betray me. This description was that of a young person very blooming and active, and I was now bent down and lame; my face was yet covered with the red spots of the small-pox; my features had become large, and I had the air of at least forty years of age.

"My arrest did not very much affect me: I had dreaded to be murdered by the soldiers, in the tumult of a furious search. - - In a word, I was so broken down, so wretched, that a prison was in my eyes an asylum."

She is condemned to death by the sanguinary Judges at Nantes, but, as we have anticipated, is saved by the honourable intervention of some of the 5000 persons rescued from death by her dying husband. With this event a curious anecdote is connected. Her pardon not being forwarded to her, she was advised to send her child to the Tribunal for it,—and she says,

"We tutored my daughter, who was rather afraid of the tribunal, though she did not well understand what it was; but she did not hesitate to take upon her the message. I made her repeat a dozen times the phrase she was to use; she left me plunged in a vague but overwhelming anxiety. She arrived at the tribunal, where she entered with much gravity, and approaching the judges, she said aloud, and very distinctly, 'Citizens, I come to beg the letters of pardon for mamma.' After these words the servant-girl mentioned my name. The judges thought my daughter very pretty, and one of them, speaking to her, said he knew that she charmed all the prisoners by her voice, and that he would give her the letters of pardon on condition that she should sing her prettiest song. My child had a wish to please her judges, and she thought that on this occasion the loudest strain would be the best, and that the assembly would be ravished by the fine song that she had so often heard enthusiastically repeated by sixty thousand voices, bursting forth on every side. She sung with all her strength the following chorus:

"Vive, vive le roi,
A bas la république."

"If she had been a few years older, we should have been the next day both led to the scaffold;—heroism would have irritated this sanguinary tribunal—ignorance and ingenuousness disarmed it. They smiled;—they made some particular reflections on the detestable education which the unhappy children of the fanatical royalists received, but they nevertheless granted the letters of pardon, which my little girl bore off in triumph."

Since the restoration, various tributes of justice and respect have been paid to the memory of the heroic De Bonchamps. His estates have been restored to his family; his funeral oration has been delivered (according to the custom of France) by the Viscount de Casteljane; a street has been built, and his name given to it, at Saint-Florent, where he saved the lives of the prisoners; and a monument has been erected to him, with the sublime inscription—the exclamation of the Vendéans on hearing his dying commands—

"Grace! Bonchamps l'ordonne."

MEMOIRS OF PHILIP DE COMINES.

For the sake of introducing novelty into our reviews this week (several interesting works having appeared since our last,) we confine ourselves to a very limited continuation of these Memoirs.

In reply to Edward's challenge, (of which we have given the particulars,) Louis is described as sending a servant disguised as a Herald:—an incident turned very dexterously another way in the romance.

"As soon (says De C.) as he was sat down, and had considered a little, according to his custom (which to those that were unacquainted with his fancy seemed strange, and might induce them to believe he was a prince of no great wisdom, but his actions declared the contrary;) he whispered me in the ear, and bid me rise and go dine in my chamber, and send for a servant belonging to the Lord des Halles, who was son to Merichon of Rochelle, and ask him whether he would venture with a message into the King of England's army, in the habit of an herald. I obeyed his orders, and was much astonished at the sight of the servant, for he seemed to me neither of a stature nor aspect to be fit for such an undertaking; yet his judgment was good (as I found afterwards) and his manner of expressing himself tolerable enough; but the king had never talked with him but once: the poor man was confounded at the motion, and fell down upon his knees before me, as one that thought himself ruined and undone. I did all I could to encourage him, told him he should have ready money for his pains, and a place in the Isle of Reé; and for his greater assurance, I persuaded him that the English made the first overture themselves. I made him dine with me, and (there being nobody but he and I, and one servant that waited,) by degrees I gave him instructions what he was to do, and how he was to behave himself in this affair. Not long after, the king sent for me, and I gave him a relation of what had passed, and recommended others to him, who, in my opinion, were more proper for his design; but he would employ no other, went and talked with him himself, and animated him more with one word than I could do with a hundred. There came along with the king into my chamber only the Lord de Villiers, at that time master of the horse, and now bailiff of Caen. When the king had prepared and encouraged his man, he sent the master of the horse for the banner of a trumpet to make his herald a coat of arms, for the king was not so stately, or vain, as to have either herald or trumpet in his train, as other princes have; wherefore the master of the horse and one of my servants made up the coat of arms as well as they could, and he having fetched a scutcheon from a little herald (called Plein Chemin) belonging to the Admiral of France, they fastened it about him, sent for his boots and his cloak privately, and his horse being got ready, he mounted, and nobody perceived him, with a bag or budget at the bow of his saddle, in which his coat of arms was put; and having been well instructed what he was to say, away he went directly to the English army: upon his arrival in his herald's coat, he was immediately stopped, and carried to the King of England's tent; being asked his business, he told them he was come with a message from the King of France to the King of England, and had orders to address himself to the Lords Howard and Stanley. He

was carried into a tent to dinner, and very civilly entertained."

As the missions of this minion and of Oliver le Nain to Liege, combined together, supply the groundwork for that well-told story towards the conclusion of Quentin Durward, we shall add a few passages of the Barber's exploit, as related by his offended contemporary ambassador—

"After Monsieur Oliver had been some days in Ghent, he was conducted to his audience in the best garb he could possibly procure. The Lady of Burgundy was in her chair of state, the Duke of Cleves on one hand, the Bishop of Liege on the other, and several other persons of quality attending her; Monsieur Oliver presented his credentials, and, after the lady had read them, she bid him deliver his message; his answer was, that his instructions were to deliver them only in private. They replied, that was a custom never practised among them, and could not be introduced now with a young lady that was fit for marriage. He persisted that by his orders he could communicate his business to nobody else. Upon which they threatened to compel him by force, and put the poor barber into a terrible consternation. I fancy when he delivered the said letters, he had not provided himself with an answer, for, indeed, (as you have heard,) that business was but by-the-by; however it was, Monsieur Oliver left the assembly, without insisting any farther on it. Some of the council had a very contemptible opinion of him; both in respect of the meanness of his profession, and the uncomeliness of his demeanour and language; but more especially the citizens of Ghent, (because he was born in a pitiful village near that city,) who put several affronts upon him, by which he thought it time to be gone; for he was informed that if he had staid a little longer, they would have thrown him into the river; and truly I am of opinion, that would have been his destiny.

"This great ambassador assumed the title of Count de Meulant, which is a small town near Paris, of which he was the governor. When he had made his escape out of Ghent, he fled to Tournay."

The death of the Constable St. Paul furnishes a remarkable instance of the character of Louis. When it had been resolved to destroy this too potent subject, Rapine his agent was called in,

"The king dictated a letter to the constable, in which his majesty acquainted him with what had been transacted the day before, in relation to the truce. He told him, that at that instant he had weighty affairs upon his hands, and wanted such a head as his to finish them; and then turning to the English nobleman and the Lord de Contay, he told them, 'I do not mean his body, I would have his head with me, and his body where it is.' After the letter was read, it was delivered to Rapine, who was mightily pleased with it, and took it as a great compliment in the king to write, that he wanted such a head as his master's, for he did not understand the sting and ambiguity of it."

The Constable was soon after betrayed and executed.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, August 30, 1823.

The Committee of General Prisoners are making their way in the trade, in other words, sell their skill, and as literary produce,

tions, do credit to the authors. United by an early friendship, MM. Barginet and Magallon have found an occasion and an opportunity well calculated to revive and cement their attachment. "Separated (say they in their preface) some years by the course of events, we met at length in Sainte Pelagie, sentenced to a long imprisonment. The Souvenirs of our early friendship restored us to ourselves.

"We resumed our former studies; our early tastes were similar; the same motives induced us to abandon them; and if we have pursued in the walks of life distinct paths, the result of our painful journey has been the same. Such are the reasons that decided us to unite in the same volume our humble verses."

The volume contains several pieces which merit attention; and you will perhaps be pleased with the Epilogue which terminates the collection.

"Ceints du même laurier, des coteaux du Parnasse,
Tous deux atteignons les hauteurs;
Et tous deux animés d'une héroïque audace,
Marchons d'un pas égal au temple des neuf Sœurs.

"Que la douce amitié suspende notre lyre
A l'olivier paisible, aux lauriers toujours verts;
Et, charmant les douleurs de notre long martyre,
Jetons quelques fleurs sur nos fers.

"Beau ciel d'Occitanie, et vous, bords de l'Isère,
Vous avez retentis des chants de nos beaux jours;
Et quand la mort viendra fermer notre paupière,
Dites nos derniers vers et nos derniers amours.

"O nos jeunes amis! dans les champs de Vauluse,
Du sort qui nous poursuit vous bravez le corroux.
La douce liberté caresse votre muse,
Et nous sommes sous les verroux!

"Jaloux de conquérir une palme immortelle,
La gloire nous bercait d'un décevant espoir;
Mais la gloire ainsi qu'une belle,
Nous sourit le matin, et nous trompe le soir."
Sainte Pelagie, le 28 Juin, 1823.

M. Jouy finds others have gained so much by his productions, that he has determined to gain something for himself. He has announced a complete edition of all his works, and several unpublished pieces, which have been put à l'index by the Censure. It is a very good speculation, or rather an excellent thought on his part, for his works are now classic in France, and his own edition will certainly be the standard library edition.

A certain M. Bouriaud has published *La Telemquide, poème épique*. It is nothing more than the Telemachus of Fenelon put into bad verse by the said M. Bouriaud. It is an unhappy effort. The prose of Fenelon is elegant, and even harmonious: the poetry of M. Bouriaud is neither the one nor the other.

M. Victor Ducange, author of sundry *Romans*, has just published another, entitled *Théène, ou l'Amour et la Guerre*. This will be a most happy event for our élégantes, who are gone, par bon ton, to ennuyer themselves in the country.

A favourite actor at the Odéon, M. Perrier, had placed all his savings in the charge of M. Mussard, *Agent de Change*, one of our splendid bankrupts. He is one of the multitude of victims, and has lost all he had laid up for his old age. His comrades are about to give a representation for his benefit.—A tragic actress at the same theatre, Madame la Petit, has also been completely stripped by another sort of agent not more guilty than the Massards, &c. &c. A common adventurous thief entered her apartments in her absence, and, to use the language of your own Shakespeare, "left not a wreck behind."

We are really a curious people. For some time *Messieurs les Censeurs* have put à l'index all military pieces: the words *laurel, glory, &c.* were all interdicted. But now all our theatres are at work preparing *pièces de circonstance* for the 25th, the *St. Louis*, and they find it difficult to satisfy these Messieurs; they insist on more and more *guerriers, lauriers, vaillances, gloires, victoires, &c. &c.*

M. de Rougemont, who has, like so many others, changed his opinions with several succeeding governments and ministries, had lately some high words at the Palais Royal with an officer whose bravery and skill are well known. M. de R. at length proposed a *cartel*. "*Pas si tot, mon pauvre garçon, lui répondit le Col. * * * ; depuis deux siècles on se rit de Don Quichotte qui se battit contre les moulins à vent, que dirait-on de moi si j'allais me battre contre une girouette?*" The pauvre garçon, after this, was assez rouge.

LITERATURE.

The new *Metropolitan Literary Institution* proceeds with its formation. A suitable house has been offered in Chatham Place, Blackfriars; the number of proprietors has been augmented to two hundred; and the remaining deposit of ten guineas is to be called for in order to be expended in the purchase of a Library.

THE ARMENIAN LANGUAGE.

A GRAMMAR of the Armenian Language has lately been published at Paris by J. Ch. Cirbied, himself an Armenian, and a teacher of the language.

The Armenian language is of the most remote antiquity, and has been preserved in an almost perfect state from its origin to the present day. In fact, it has never ceased to be a living language; and its existing popular dialects, which are themselves nearly alike, differ very little from the ancient or learned language, such as is to be found unimpaired in the earliest historical records of the country, and such as has always been used among the educated classes.

The lofty Scythian mountains which enclose Armenia, have been inhabited from time immemorial by a polished and civilized nation, eminently industrious, and addicted to the arts. Essentially peaceful rather than warlike, the Armenians, stable almost as Caucasus or Taurus, have hitherto retained the same manners and the same language. Literature, always fruitful with them, has not disdained foreign productions; and it is this hospitable reception which has allowed Europeans already to recover several valuable works which disappeared on the destruction of the Roman Empire, and to entertain a hope of recovering others.

Whether considered with respect to literature, to commerce, to religion, or to politics, the study of the Armenian language is of great importance to Europeans. The want of a complete Grammar of it has long been felt; and this of M. Cirbied's comprehends that of the whole language and its various dialects.

Of the six principal dialects of this language, the Araratien, called also the sacred or learned dialect, the language of books, and of the confit, is that which forms the basis of the ancient tongue. It is used in three distinct styles: the lofty, the middle, and the simple. The first is known only by the learned; the second is intelligible to the intermediate

classes of society; and the third is more or less understood by the lower orders.

In general the grammatical system of the Armenian resembles that of European, rather than that of what are called Biblical languages. The alphabet of the Armenian language possesses the distinction of vowels and consonants. It is written from left to right. Its declensions, its conjugations, even the formation of its derived and compounded words, all have much more analogy to the European than to the Biblical languages.

The Armenian alphabet, composed of thirty-eight characters, viz. seven vowels, two semi-vowels, and twenty-nine consonants, has only eight letters similar to those in known alphabets. The vowel *a* is singularly predominant in Armenian. It is the initial of a seventh of the words, and occurs with great frequency in the middle of them. The pronunciation of the Armenian language, therefore, which comprehends almost all the elements of the human voice, from the most labial to the most guttural consonants, notwithstanding the frequency of the mute *e*, in which it resembles the French language, is as soft, and at least as musical as Italian, in consequence of the abundance of its *o*'s and its *a*'s, and other sonorous vowels; and it surpasses most languages in extent and inexhaustible variety.

The Armenian nouns have neither gender nor dual number. The *ke* is in general the sign of the plural. The employment of *s*, or of any other final letter to signify that number, is much less common. There are ten cases: nominative, genitive, dative, accusative, ablative, narrative, instrumental, circumferential, local, and vocative. There are eight regular declensions, which apply to nearly three-fourths of the nouns; and about thirteen irregular declensions. The terminations which distinguish the various declensions are twenty-one in number, and are called configurative particles. The greater part of the pronouns have also their particular declensions.

All the Armenian words evidently derive their origin from the nouns. The Armenian language fully enjoys the privilege of obtaining, by composition, as many new expressions as there may be occasion for; a faculty which ought to be common to all languages, if those who speak them really consider them the instruments of reasoning. But however great may be the advantages of these composite expressions, which are, as in Greek, German, and Russian, equivalent to abridged, laconic, and precise phrases, some of them are not free from the reproach to which many of the latter are subject, that of being too long.

The Armenians are rich in regular verbs. Their conjugation is very simple, there being but few moods and tenses. But the Armenian possesses an advantage over many other languages in having a participle future. It has also an exhortative imperative, and a prohibitive imperative. This mood however consists only of the second person, singular and plural.

Numerous experiments have proved that the concurrent acquisition of the roots, and the various particles of languages with that of their rules, is the most easy and certain way of learning the entire system of the principles of every idiom. The elementary parts, — roots, prepositions, terminations of every kind, &c., amount in Armenian to above four thousand five hundred. Every one of these elements of the language requires a particular dissertation. Such a labour, yet unperformed,

demand a perfect knowledge of the language, and of all its dialects, ancient and modern, as well as great sagacity and labour in classification.

FINE ARTS.

Illustrations, Graphic and Literary, of Fonthill Abbey. By J. Britton, F.S.A., &c.

HAD not almost every periodical publication in the kingdom, following the example of our own Gazette, teemed with accounts of Fonthill Abbey for the last twelve months, we should have found interesting food for extract in Mr. Britton's superb and characteristic volume. What it is can hardly be explained in words; but a public accustomed to appreciate the delightful Cathedral and other architectural and antiquarian works for which it is indebted to his zeal and talents, and acquainted with the beauty and magnificence of his present subject, may readily form some estimate of the excellence which it displays.

We are sorry to see it stated in a preface, that considerable difficulties have occurred during the execution of this design; and though favoured with every facility and assistance from Mr. Beckford, Mr. Britton complains of having been unable, in some particulars, to fulfil his own conceptions to the extent he wished, and to produce those models of graphic perfection to which his taste and judgment aspired. But though thus candidly expressing his discontentment, we think we may venture to assure him that few other persons will be apt to join him in finding fault. The Plates (eleven in number) are unquestionably fine; and some of them masterpieces of art. The Frontispiece, of armorial bearings, is charming, and strongly confirms an idea we have long entertained, that a theatre richly and elegantly adorned in this style would be the most splendid edifice ever seen or fancied, except in fairy tales.

The literary illustrations consist chiefly of descriptions of Fonthill and its noble grounds; observations on English manners; genealogical, tabular, and other memoirs of the ancient family of Beckford, with its nearest alliances; and miscellaneous matters, naturally connected with the subject. All these are clearly and ably written; but after what we stated in the outset, we do not feel it necessary to swell this notice by quotation. Mr. Britton has been permitted, we remark, to publish two short poems by the author of Vathek: the first of these, *A Prayer*, we are proud to recognise as having appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, as it tells us that we have more than once been obliged to this highly-gifted writer for anonymous contributions. The other little piece is entitled *The Last Day*, with the epigraph *Dies ire, dies illa!* and is as follows:

Hark! heard ye not that deep, appalling sound?
Tremble!—for lo the vexed, th' affrighted ground
Heaves strong in dread convulsion—streams of fire
Burst from the vengeful sky—a voice of ire
Proclaims, "Ye guilty, wait your final doom:
No more the silent refuge of the tomb (reigns,
Shall screen your crimes, your frailties. Conscience
Earth needs no other sceptre:—what remains
Beyond her fated limits, dare not tell;
Eternal Justice!—Judgment!—Heaven!—Hell!"

With this single quotation we again commend Mr. Britton's labours to the lovers and promoters of the Fine Arts. Though essentially local, there are a multitude of circumstances connected with Fonthill which gene-

ralize and extend its interest; and it is here treated in a manner which carries it out of the pale of mere topographical, antiquarian, and architectural science into the bounds of popular curiosity.

On the present visitation system and advertised sale of effects at the Abbey, we regret to state that we have had many disagreeable communications. Some call upon us to denounce the whole as a thing of trick and imposition: our literary justice is invoked to save the public from waggish loads of inferior editions scraped together out of all the old book shops of London, and carried to Wiltshire to be sold as Mr. Beckford's genuine library: we are adjured to prove our real love for the Arts by warning purchasers against a mass of trash, taken down in a similar way, to pass for old Masters and valuable pictures; and even in the fauciful rage for virtue, china, old pots, and unique follies, it is asserted that the metropolitan refuse of a dozen years' sales and expositions constitutes *now* the magnificent lumber of Fonthill Abbey. Above all, it is demanded, from a certain regard to probity which our Correspondents do us the honour to ascribe to us, that we do our duty by destroying the puffs connected with this farce, which have been so profusely inserted in the most widely-circulated newspapers.

To all these points we briefly answer, that we have something better to do than to fight with puffs: they are too light to crush, too weak to do much mischief, and too prolific to be annihilated. With regard to the books incorporated for the sale, we believe it is well known that on disposing of the property Mr. Beckford retained a right to one-third of his library, and as it cannot be doubted but his superior intelligence selected the best, why it is but a prudent speculation in the present owner to try to make up for that loss and deficiency as well as he can from the old stores of the London trade. The same observation applies to the paintings, the trinkets, and the curiosities. Of these, with a few exceptions, we never entertained a very high opinion; and we are therefore glad to learn that the collection is so bounteously enriched.

Thus excusing the salesmen of Fonthill and its contents, and leaving it to sensible buyers to do what they always should do—exercise a sound discretion, and look before they bid, we dismiss the troublesome business; and have only to add, that in the *Leeds Intelligencer* (one of our most literary Provincial Journals) of last week we read a very forcible exposure of this, as the writer describes it, fictitious sale. But, it should be observed, that Mr. Christie's excellent Catalogue of last year must show so plainly what are really Fonthill articles; that no new Auctioneer or Proprietor could possibly contemplate a deception with regard to what has been added. It is therefore absurd to impute any imposition to Mr. Phillips on this score; which the simple comparison of his and the former Catalogue would detect.

As a curious fact we may add, that, according to report, of which we have no doubt, above seven thousand pounds was received for tickets last year: perhaps about two thousand half guinea tickets have been sold this season.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL.

We may be justly proud of the estimation in which the talents of British Artists are held on the Continent, and even in Imperial Rome, when we learn that Count Schönberg, of Bavaria, who already possesses a picture by Wilkie ("The Unexpected Visit,") has given commissions to two English Artists in Rome, Messrs. Gibson and Eastlake, the former to make a statue of a Nymph, the latter to paint a Greek subject from Lord Byron's poems. This Mr. Eastlake is we understand, well qualified to execute, for during his residence in Greece he made a valuable collection of studies of costume and character.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

I.—THE BAYADERE. *An Indian Tale.*

There were seventy pillars around the hall,
Of wreathed gold was each capital,
And the roof was fretted with amber and gems,
Such as light kingly diadems;
The floor was marble, white as the snow
Ere its pureness is stained by its fall below:
In the midst played a fountain, whose starry showers
Fell like beams on the radiant flowers,
Whose colours were gleaming, as every one
Burnt with the kisses just caught from the sun;
And vases sent forth their silvery clouds,
Like those which the face of the young moon
shrouds,

But sweet as the breath of the twilight hour
When the dew awakens the rose's power.
At the end of the hall was a sunbright throne,
Rich with every glorious stone;
And the purple canopy over head
Was like the shade o'er the day-fall shed;
And the couch beneath was of buds half blown,
Hued with the blooms of the rainbow's zone;
And round, like festoons, a vine was rolled,
Whose leaf was of emerald, whose fruit was of gold.
But, though graced as for a festival,
There was something sad in that stately hall:
There floated the breath of the harp and flute,—
But the sweetest of every music is mute;
There are flowers of light and spiced perfume,—
But there wants the sweetest of breath and of
And the hall is lone, and the hall is drear, bloom:
For the smiling of woman shineth not here.

With urns of odour o'er him weeping,
Upon the couch a youth is sleeping:
His radiant hair is bound with stars,
Such as shine on the brow of night,
Filling the dome with diamond rays,
Only than his own curls less bright.
And such a brow and such an eye
As fit a young divinity;

A brow like twilight's darkening line,
An eye like morning's first sunshine,
Now glancing thro' the veil of dreams
As sudden light at day-break streams,
And richer than the mingled shade
By gem, and gold, and purple made;
His orient wings closed o'er his head,
Like that bird's, bright with every dye,
Whose home, as Persian bards have said,
Is fix'd in scented Araby.

Some dream is passing o'er him now—
A sudden flush is on his brow;
And from his lip came murmur'd words,
Low, but sweet as the light lute chords
When o'er its strings the night winds glide
To woo the roses by its side.

He, the fair boy god, whose nest
Is in the water-lily's breast;
He of the many-armed bow,
Of the joys that come and go
Like the leaves, and of the sighs
Like the winds of summer skies,
Blushes like the birds of spring,
Soon seen and soon vanishing;
He of hopes, and he of fears,
He of smiles, and he of tears—
Young Camdeo, he has brought
A sweet dream of coloured thought,
One of love and woman's power,
To Mandalla's sleeping hour.

Joyless and dark was his jewelled throne
When Mandalla awakened and found him alone.
He drunk the perfume that around him swept,
'Twas not sweet as the sigh he drank as he slept;
There 'twas music, but where was the voice, at
whose thrill
Every pulse in his veins was throbbing still?

Dim was the home at his native star
While the light of woman and love was afar;
And lips of the rosebud, and violet eyes
Are the sunniest flowers in Paradise.
He veiled the light of his glorious race
In a mortal's form and a mortal's face,
And 'mid earth's loveliest sought for one
Who might dwell in his hall and share in his throne.
End of the First Part. L. E. L.

PERSIAN MELODIES.

'T is not the splendor of thy locks uncured,
Nor the blue tremble of those beauteous eyes,
The windows of thy soul, whose brilliant dyes
Let thro' thy stainless spirit to the world;
Nor the bright roses on thy cheek unfurled,
Rich with the crimson of autumnal skies,
When Mihr's* last beam in blushing glory lies
'Neath Halal's† throne, with thousand stars impared;
Not these can speak thee lovely,—but that pure
And indescribable serenity,—
Those looks of fond affection, that ensure
Thy faith immaculate :—while these I see,
And know and feel thy virgin smiles endure
But for myself, whom can I love but thee?

NO. I.

I reckon not the charms of the damsel of Adan,‡
Nor that eye's jetty languish beneath her dark
brow;
To me thou'rt a fairer, a lovelier maiden,—
Oh, LAYLA, there's none can be dearer than
thou!
She's like the proud tulip that lifts up its head,
Than which not a flower more splendidly blows,
Whose cup like the rose may be blushing with red;
But it wants all the fragrance that's breathed
by the rose.

How sweet, in that instant when sleep overtakes
thee,
To behold the deep calm of repose in thine air;
But far sweeter to me is the one that awakes thee,
And rouses to life all the loveliness there;
For the blossom is brighter by far when the light
Of the mornbeam awakes it and opens its cup,
Than when 't is grown chill in the breath of the
night,
And the curtains of slumber have folded it up.

There's a beauty that's outward, whose glory's
soon ended, [beguile;
Like the false gleam of morning § that shines to
There's another glows inly, by nothing transcended,
'Tis this that gives birth to the soul of a smile.
If the bloom of that cheek, where those outward
hues shine,
Can yield but a moment of pleasure to me,
Oh think what a heaven of delight must be mine,
When I find them both, LAYLA, united in thee!

NO. II.

Spirit of yon lovely star,
Sleeping in thy silver car,
Oh! that thy repose were mine,—
Dweller in that holy shrine!

Sleep, O Spirit! be thy rest
But with dreams of pleasure blest,
Dreams of those delightful hours
Spent in Love's enchanted bowers;

Dreams of those impassioned songs
Raptured Echo's voice prolongs,
Caught up from some lover's sigh,
Breathing more than Love can tell.

Me, when Slumber's curtains rise
Softly o'er my aching eyes,
Me far other dreams oppress,
Dreams of terror and distress:

* The Sun.

† The Moon.

‡ The Haris, or damsel of Paradise.

§ Alluding to the false twilight which precedes the
real one in Eastern climates.

Now I view my lover's bark—
Tossing in the tempest dark—
His, who long has found a grave
Deep in Umman's‡ foaming wave.

Now his cheek to mine he presses,
Now he bathes it in my tresses;
Oh, how bright may sorrow seem,—
Lo, I wake,—'tis all a dream!

Farewell, Spirit! I must weep,
While thy soul is hushed in sleep;
When thy peaceful calm I see,
Think how I must envy thee!

Brighton.

G. B. H.

I The Persian Gulf,

BIOGRAPHY.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

THIS poet, born at Honington, Suffolk, in 1766, raised himself into consideration by his talent, and was justly considered as an extraordinary man. We are free to confess that though we have admired many of his productions, we never could estimate them so highly as did some of his encomiasts. Yet they were wonderful. No critic had a just right to try them by the standard which education and refinement has erected for poetry. BLOOMFIELD had neither education nor refinement. He was a farmer's boy;—not the ploughman of Scotland, the Burns, so grounded in all the essentials of mind as many of the lower orders of that country are from the parochial and excellent system of tuition as to render every attainment possible;—he was the farmer's boy of England,—one of as ignorant and uncouth a class as ever native acuteness and ambitious intellect dignified by raising out of it—an example of genius overcoming every difficulty.

It was ludicrously said of St. Denis' walking without his head, *C'est le premier pas qui coute*: in any case parallel to BLOOMFIELD's, or even analogous to it, it may be said with melancholy, though triumphant truth, *c'est le premier pas qui coute*. It is a strange speculation to imagine, not so much how a rude, letterless rustic originally conceives those ideas which lift him out of his sphere, but how they force him into notice—

"Many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Millions of men, in all ranks of life, have felt aspirations, and have possessed faculties too, to make themselves immortal; but few of these millions have been able to burst the cerements of circumstance and accident. In the low condition to which BLOOMFIELD belonged, the obstacles are inconceivably greater than in middle life. "Give me a resting-place for my lever, and I will move the world," said the ancient philosopher;—the lowly bard has to find the *appui* as well as the force, and he must be more than an Archimedes ere he can "move the world."

When BLOOMFIELD attracted notice and countenance we are not informed; but he had come to London as a shoemaker, and was settled here, we believe, when his first Poem, *The Farmer's Boy*, was published, about 1800. If we remember rightly, Mr. Capel Loft was his Meccenas, and contributed essentially to the popular reception of this Poem. It excited much attention, and like all *marvels* in this country, filled the month of Fame for a time. But we know not what its author was fit for in a commercial nation—he was suffered to live scantily, and to die in poverty. Yet we think something was done for him by some one. We remember seeing him at a

desk in the Inner Temple Lane, delivering out law papers, or documents: it was one of those public offices (congenial to poetry) where the clerks did a certain formal drudgery in a dark chamber, from nine a.m. to a late evening hour, at a salary of from sixty to ninety, or a hundred pounds a year. We never saw BLOOMFIELD but there; and as we were not hardened critics then, our soul revolted at the sight.

Rural Tales, &c. were published in 1802; *Good Tidings*, two years after; *Wild Flowers*, two years after that; *The Banks of the Wye*, in 1811; and recently, compositions which we lamented sincerely we could not justly praise in the *Literary Gazette*. They were the fitful gleams of wasted genius.

BLOOMFIELD died on Tuesday the 19th inst. at Sheffield, in Bedfordshire, after a long and painful illness.

We are not the wild encouragers of every precocious and abortive demonstration of human genius; and therefore we may with more effect conclude that in our opinion ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, the Farmer's Boy, was an extraordinary instance of natural endowments overcoming the mightiest oppression of circumstances, and achieving a high and lasting honour.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE BARLEY-CORN CLUB.—NO. VI.

Continuing the conversation mentioned in my last, one of us observed that no hobby is more obtrusive and overbearing than that of the projector, or system-monger, who takes credit for a larger share of common sense than is distributed among the rest of mankind. By dint of assurance he rarely fails to find disciples credulous enough to repose implicit faith in his sophisms, however absurd they may be. One of these self-elected dictators of opinion was the late Count Filoso-fastro, who came over to this country to revive and diffuse the doctrines of Pythagoras concerning transmigration, and wrote a thick quarto exposing the evils resulting from animal food, and showing the physical, moral, and intellectual advantages of vegetable diet.

Harry Page. His publisher, Mr. Jasper Phebus Dawkins, was so thoroughly converted by the perusal of the work in manuscript, that he instantly interdicted the consumption of roast beef and tallow-candles in his household; and sent a circular to his country correspondents, announcing that for the future he must decline all orders for school-books and other publications bound in calf or vellum.

Flinders. Jasper soon outshone his preceptor. By subsisting on cabbage and watergruel he underwent a change of constitution which, I dare say, Dr. Toddy might satisfactorily define, on being informed that its consequence was a series of sublime and ingenious systems. He overthrew the Newtonian theory at a breath, and spun another which connected every object in the universe, from a comet to a caterpillar, in one harmonious-concathenation of primary, secondary, and subordinate movements; and he was only prevented by the difficulty of determining why the action of the heart is less voluntary than that of the lungs, from developing the occult principle of vitality, and reconciling the anomaly of death to his universal law of motion.

Capt. Sandys. Then he may speedily have the honour of solving the encyclopedic question proposed by Rabelais to the Sorbonne: "*Utrum, ut grammatica historica et meteorologica contineat de leur antériorité et postériorité, par la trinité des articles, pourroient trouver quelque ligne ou caractère de leurs chroniques, sur la palme Zenonique.*" But enough of system-mongers. It will be an easy and pleasant stop to pass from the maze of philosophy to the lawns and glades of poetry. Which of our living hard-

rides his hippogriff with the bravest grace at present?

E. Stukely. I fancy they are all either dismounted or becoming weary of the sport.

Harry Page. They are most of them past their prime; and when a man begins to get bald-pated, pursy, and nervous, it is high time for him to sue out a divorce from "immortal verse," and aspire to rational prose. A poet in a wig is no longer endurable. Besides, in these days of contention and party-spirit, the trade of poet is too laborious for human strength to pursue. What with writing for himself, propitiating or defending his friends, and vilipending his enemies, a wight must exercise at once the triple functions of bard, critic, and politician. The first of these being the most difficult and least profitable, must of course be soonest dispensed with. A man should be exempt from doing homage to the Muses, as well as from serving in the militia, after five-and-forty.

Flinders. Fame must be a much cheaper commodity than heretofore, else, I cannot guess how one-third of them ever came to be called poets. With their maudlin and endless twaddle about the Elizabethan age, they are as destitute of valid claims to the praise of originality as the wits of Queen Anne's time—a flock of mere imitators! What say you, George? I am sorry I asked such a question, though; for whenever this subject is broached you never seem to know when to have done with it.

Vaughan. Sir, I must own myself, with Doctor Morosophus, to be an optimist in my notions of modern poetry. If the sons of song are at present mute, it is because they have sung themselves to sleep under the umbrageous canopy of their own well-won bays. Sir, the sarcastic proviso of Porson on a certain occasion is realized—Milton and Shakespeare are forgotten. "Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii!" That is to say, "John Dryden and Thomas Gray, hide your diminished heads!" Mr. Wordsworth has eclipsed you and your masters. In publishing as a specimen of an intended national poem, to be called the Recluse, its destined second part, the Excursion, he has hastened, *more majorum, in media res*: has soared beyond the empyrean; and in making a hero of a pedlar, may be truly said to have performed "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." Lord Byron, laying under tribute both the moderns and the ancients, and blending the peculiarities of Juvenal with those of Tom Kilgrew, leaves nothing to be wished for; and Mr. Southey having founded his fame on the basis of three epic poems, has exhibited, for the benefit of future bards, the force of the English hexameter in a most exemplary effusion. I might multiply examples, *ad infinitum* if it were necessary, to prove that the great poets of our day are idle, only because no more fields are left for them to conquer.

Musing on this glorious, though melancholy truth, and reflecting on the mass of approved talent now rusting in obscurity, I one day formed a project, of which I was almost tempted to offer a brief outline through the medium of the public prints, for the consideration of the higher powers. It occurred to me, that in the present crisis of European affairs, which is perhaps the nine hundred and ninety-ninth crisis since the reign of Charlemagne, the interests of Great Britain ought to be furthered by an accession of strength to her diplomatic corps on the Continent. This I inferred might be effected, if she would only consent to give the most unequivocal proofs of her desire to maintain the peace of Europe, by appointing those men of peace, her living poets, to the rank of ambassadors to the different courts. Conformably to this project, Mr. Coleridge, having been plinched, perfumed, put into training, and raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Coleridge, should be sent in a frigate to St. Petersburg, on a special mission to the Emperor Alexander. The principal object of this mission would be to neutralize any dreams of universal dominion which might have been infused into the ear of the autocrat by Madame Krudener; and this our poet, with his "so potent art," would soon effect,

either by plunging the Imperial patient into "the blue depths" and abysses of the ideal world, or by involving him in a cloud of mystification. Mr. Wordsworth should be prevailed on to undertake a very confidential legation for the purpose of converting the Pope, with certain assurances of personal aggrandizement in case of success. "Cardinal Wordsworth" would sound quite as well as "Cardinal Wolsey;" and on a future vacancy in the see, he might assume the tiara with the title of Pope Innocent the Fourteenth. Mr. Southey, leaving unfinished his amplified History of the Peninsular War, should be appointed minister plenipotentiary to Spain, Portugal, and the Indies,—there being little doubt that in his zeal to reconcile the unhappy differences between the mother countries and their colonies, he would achieve a marvel in diplomacy analogous to that by which Kehama multiplied his own presence, and invaded Padaloo by nine approaches at the same moment. Sir Walter Scott should proceed in great splendour to Vienna, and calm the Emperor Francis's horror of revolutions by the harmless and easy experiment of regenerating the literature of Germany. Mr. Samuel Rogers should repair to Berlin to awaken the mind of Frederick William to the Pleasures of Memory; and Mr. Campbell, Resident at Washington, should diffuse the Pleasures of Hope among the citizens of the United States. Mr. George Crabbe should be placed near the King of the Netherlands, to impart to his Majesty a new sense of the charms of Dutch and Flemish painting; and Mr. John Wilson, the Professor of Moral Philosophy, should "try conclusions" with his long-nosed and long-headed Majesty of Sweden. Mr. Thomas Moore, as British minister at the Tuileries, would doubtless be a constant and a welcome guest at the Horatian suppers of "Le Grand Restaurateur;" but Lord Byron, in his destined mission to Constantinople as mediator between the Greeks and Turks, would have a delicate and arduous part to act. The rumours preceding his arrival would create a tumult among the Sultanas; the harem, aye, the whole seraglio, would be in mutiny; some tremendous insurrection of the Janizaries would ensue; and next morning perhaps his Lordship would be discovered seated cross-legged, à la Turque, on the throne of the Sultan, and calmly smoking his pipe while they proclaimed him Emperor of revolted Islam by the title of Armanes the First.

The minor poets might be distributed with advantage among the minor states. Harry Cornwall, for instance, might be employed, or reside wholly unemployed, at the court of Tuscany; and the Ettrick Shepherd might rub his elbow and disclose his tasks to some prince of the *ci-devant* Rhenish confederacy.

"While boozing drummy German water

To make himself look fair and fatter."

By the efforts, or even by the mere presence of these poetical ambassadors and envoys, a virtual invitation would be given to the different powers to make a similar selection of foreign ministers on their parts, and the peace of the world would be secured beyond a possibility of disturbance. Preparatory to the opening and close of every session of parliament, our Minister for Foreign Affairs, himself a poet, would be enabled to submit to His Majesty a most interesting and amusing series of state papers, containing energetic assurances of the cordial co-operation of all the Continental states in maintaining the repose and tranquillity of Europe. These assurances would be couched mostly in rhyme of every possible variety, from the wild and irregular rhapsodies of Lord Coleridge, to the polished hexameters of Mr. Rogers, or the slipshod ottava rima of Lord Byron. During the stormy heats of a session any capacious motion for papers would be cheerfully, nay, triumphantly complied with; the newspapers that reported them would teem with elegant extracts in verse; the Lords and Commons' Journals would, severally resemble a folio Shakespeare; the very clerks in parliament would become endued in rhythm, modulation, and cadence; and the unadorned and work-day style of

oratory that has heretofore prevailed, would be relinquished as obsolete by all except the plodding financiers and political economists, whose painfully methodized dissertations would have an effect only the more ludicrous in the way of contrast, because those sages, like Molière's Bourgeois Gentilhomme, speak prose without knowing it.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—"Ecce Iterum"—Another French Piece.—"I'll see no more." What can be the reason that we are never, by any chance, invited to sit down to a good, homely, English Dramatic Entertainment, rich, solid, and substantial; but are always doomed to find, in lieu of it, the soup malgre of French cookery?—a trifle dressed in a hundred different ways, light of digestion indeed, but failing to satisfy the cravings of appetite, and literally sending us empty away. Where is the genuine spirit of drollery that once animated O'Keefe? Where the broad vein of native humour, that heretofore dwelt in the person of the younger Colman? Where the buoyant and sparkling dialogue of Foote and Garrick? Are they for ever fled? And are we only to speak of them as things that have been? We hope not; and, notwithstanding the present barrenness and desolation, look for better and for merrier evenings. We were led into this train of reflection by a Piece, called *Fish out of Water*, that was produced at this Theatre on Tuesday last—a French Farce in all its native absurdity; a mixture, or rather, to adopt the language of the Piece itself, a hotch-potch of diplomacy and cookery—where house stewards hire secretaries of legation, as they would footmen; and ambassadors are seen conversing familiarly with cooks. The incidents were improbable, without being ridiculous; the dialogue rich only in extracts from Mrs. Glasse and Dr. Kitchen, and, consequently, to any but a Frenchman, or a professed gourmand, perfectly unintelligible; and indeed the whole dish, when brought to table, but little relished by the audience. In fact, so inveterately did the author, or the adapter, or the translator, or by whatever name he may be called, stick to the culinary system, that he made his heroine, the Envoy's daughter, sing a bravura, the subject of which was venison and the pleasures of field sports. Liston did his utmost, and was dressed "a merveille;" and the other performers lent their best exertions to complete the savoury (insipid) entertainment.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—This Theatre is going on sweepingly, with a great and amusing variety of entertainments. Mathews, in himself a monopolistical giant, has not only done his *Diligence*, as crammed with passengers as the House is crammed with spectators, but has played *Mingie* in the Beehive; *Baskin*, in *Killing no Murder*; and *Shelley*, in the *Highland Reel*: while Miss Kelly has performed several of her most effective parts; and Wrench has bustled; and Miss Holdaway attracted visitors; and Wallace been contentious; and Cooke raised the blue devils; and Bartley dispelled them; and Pearman and Broadhurst sang; and a dozen other actors and actresses filled up, fairly, the dramatic scene. The chief novelties have been, *Too Curious by Half*, or *Marplot in Spain*; a sort of farcical Opera, founded on Mrs. Centlivre's dull sequel to

her excellent Comedy of *The Busybody*; and the *Highland Reel* aforesaid.

The comedy of *Marplot in Lisbon* is merely a continuation of the adventures of two or three of the characters of the *Busy Body*, in the capital of Portugal. Here we find the hero getting into the same scrapes through his inveterate curiosity, and involved in the same dangerous consequences as in the former scene of his adventures. Charles, who is now married to Isabinda; an English colonel, a sort of Colonel Breton; a jealous husband; a brother-in-law of that husband, sudden and quick in quarrel; and three or four ladies all upon the look out for gallantry and love, make up the dramatis personæ. Mr. Planché, the author of the present transformation, deserves our thanks; for, although the fair writer did not come precisely under the description of those dramatists of Charles's days, in whose plays, as our great moralist observed, "Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit;" yet she succeeded them in their career, and still retained more intrigue and licentiousness of manners in all her productions, than can be tolerated upon the stage at the present day; and consequently many very entertaining comedies are wholly lost to the theatre. In its present form, the incidents are so altered and arranged, and the language so deperated as not to give offence to the nicest ear, whilst, at the same time, we can enjoy all that there is of humour and extravagance in the original. The concluding incident, indeed, of poor Marplot's being thrown into the fountain, is Mr. Planché's own, and told, as it created a hearty laugh. Wrench, in the leading character, exhibited all the unfortunate itching of his nature to know other people's concerns, with the happiest effect; and the other parts, both male and female, were adequately sustained by the rest of the company.

On Thursday, Mr. Pearman was ill, and Miss Dance overturned, so that this novelty could not be repeated: but we had the *Highland Reel*, in which Bartley, Mathews, and Kelly kept the house in the loudest good humour by their admirable acting.

THE WAPITI.—These beautiful animals are now four in number. It is a pity that the youngest is, like the first native of this country, a male. It is, however, a pretty creature, about the size of a tolerable calf; while its elder brother is assuming all the majesty of horns, and is nearly as big as the doe. The original deer are in the highest condition, and the appearance of the whole so magnificent, as to add much to the wish that the breed may be naturalized in England. They have been sent to Bristol.

VARIETIES.

Northern Expedition.—The Plymouth Gazette states that the Lord Exmouth, Captain Barrett, on the 4th ult., in lat. 44° 2' N., long. 27° W. picked up a bottle covered with barnacles, and containing the following inclosure:—"North Polar Expedition, Jan. 7, 1822.—This bottle was sent adrift in the North Polar Sea, by the officers of the North Polar Expedition, being then frozen up five degrees West of Melville Island.—All well."

It appears from Records found in the Tower, that the Kings of England did not sign their initials at the bottom of royal documents previous to Henry VI. Until his time they placed them at the top.

Almass of Chancery Records, belonging to the last half of the fifteenth century, have been found in the Tower, and arranged in proper order.

University of Halle.—A Dutchman of the name of Loshhausen has been publicly exhibiting for money at Berlin two young Chinese, who show a great deal of intelligence, and who possessed no other means of living in Europe. The King purchased their liberty, and has sent them to the University of Halle, where they will study the living languages of Europe, and teach their own.

Fossils.—Some bones of an extraordinary size, which, it is believed, are those of a mammoth, have just been discovered in an argillaceous bed, on the banks of the Necker, near Stuttgart.

Warsaw.—At the commencement of the present year, a new Journal was commenced at Warsaw, especially dedicated to the ladies, under the title of "The Courier; or Journal of Literature, the Arts, Fashion, and Novelty." **China.**—In a letter from Pekin, dated the 22d of February, it is stated that the learned Mandarin, Sunk Tadjin, has had the honour to present to the Emperor his work on the Provinces of Tartary, recently occupied by the Chinese troops.

Arabic Allegory.—A French translation, with notes, by M. Garcin de Tassy, has just been published at Paris, of "The Birds and the Flowers," an Arabic moral allegory, by Azzeddin Elmocadeddi; one of the most enthusiastic members of the mystical sect of the Sofys. The object of it is to inculcate an ardent love of the Divine Being; and for that purpose, the author gives to every object of creation, in succession, a tongue; in order that it may vent its ecstasy in the language of adoration. The work abounds with poetical beauty; and the translator's notes are very interesting.

Literary Fund.—A French journal mentions the donation so liberally presented by M. de Chateaubriand to our *Literary Fund Society*, (which, however, it states erroneously at 2 or 3000 francs, the sum being fifty pounds;) and adds, that by a noble reciprocity,

—Se serait-on flatté

D'effacer Albion en générosité—

The Society has charged itself with the pension of 100 crowns to a descendant of Corneille's, which retrenchments had caused to be stopped by the French Government. This also must be a mistake, as this admirable charity relieves literary distress by gifts as necessity requires, but never by pensions.

The First Consul had long since broken off with Moreau, who was entirely governed by his wife. "This, said the Emperor, is always a great misfortune, because a man in that case is neither himself nor his wife, he is nothing."—*Las Cases' Journal*.

It is a curious fact, that in Seneca's *Medea*, the choros distinctly predicts the discovery of America, which took place 1400 years after that drama was written. In the passage here alluded to, it is said, "A new Tiphys, a son of the earth, will, in ages to come, discover remote regions towards the west, and the universe will no longer be the extremity of the universe."—*Ibid*.

..... venient annis

Sæcula seris, quibus Oceanus

Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens

Pateat tellus, Tiphysque novus

Detegat orbem, nec sit terris ultima Thule.

End of the Chorus of the 2d Act.

Three more Cantos of Don Juan were published yesterday, and such stuff, as we grudge our shilling for. Why, we may mention on a future day.

Anglo-American Language.—In a letter from the American Agent at the Cape, published in the newspapers, it is stated that certain black children, who had formerly been at the settlement and received some instruction, but had since been with the natives, were returned "all much uncivilized!"

Moses and the Arts.—M. Hufnagel, the author of a work just published at Frankfurt, called "Moses as he has painted himself in the Pentateuch," among other whimsical assertions, maintains that Moses established a School of Arts at the foot of Mount Sinai, of which however he allows that no traces exist!

A Major Longbow.—At the time when Mathews is making the world laugh with his Longbow stories, the following parallel may amuse:—"A friend, (says the relator,) lately returned from abroad, calling on me one morning, I inquired if he had seen any thing very particularly interesting in his travels? He replied 'No; with the exception, perhaps, of a curious mode they have in Siberia of procuring the skin of the Sable. Their fur is in the greatest perfection in the depth of winter, at which time the hunter proceeds to the forest armed with a pitcher of water, and some carrion-meat; he deposits the bait at the foot, and climbs himself to the top of a high tree. As soon as the animal, attracted by the scent, arrives, the man drops some water on his tail, and it instantaneously becomes frozen to the ground! On which, descending from his elevation with incredible rapidity, his pursuer with a sharp knife cuts him transversely on the face. The Sable, from the excess of pain, taking an extraordinary spring forward, runs off, and (his tail being fast to the ground) out of his skin, of course, leaving it a prey to the hunter!!' Upon expressing a slight doubt as to the probability of this mode of skinning the animals, my friend assured me that he never could have believed it had he not frequently beheld it himself."

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

Hogg's Three Perils of Woman, 12mo. 3 vols. 21s.—Las Cases' Journal, Parts 7 & 8, 21s. English; 16s. French.—Brady's Life of Guzman D'Alfarache, 2d edit. 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.—Memoirs of a Greek Young Lady, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. English; 10s. 6d. French.—Collins's Spanish Proverbs, 12mo. 8s.—Bridge's Reply to Wilberforce, 8vo. 2s.—Rouge et Noir, the Academicians of 1823, 12mo. 8s.—Wright's Guide to Giants Causeway, 12mo. 6s.—Hill's Essays on Ancient Greece, 2d edit. 12mo. 7s.—Quentin Durward, 2d edit. 3 vols. 8vo. 11s. 6d.—French Classics (Numa Pompilius), 2 vols. 18mo. 6s.—East India Military Calendar, 4to. 2s. 10s.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

AUGUST.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . .	7 from 51 to 62	29.79 to 29.78
Friday	8 from 51 to 64	29.76 to 29.73
Saturday	9 from 44 to 56	29.81 to 30.00
Sunday	10 from 49 to 63	30.01 to 29.88
Monday	11 from 46 to 73	29.94 to 29.92
Tuesday	12 from 57 to 75	29.88 to 29.83
Wednesday . . .	13 from 54 to 73	29.67 to 29.55

Prevailing winds, W. and SW.—Generally cloudy and showery. Heavy rain on the 9th and 10th.—Rain fallen, 4 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are afraid that Yrskh Yish's paper, not being in time, has been destroyed.
"Lines to a Daisy" are most Lack-a-daisical.—Those to Jane are Fustian.
If P. has more irons in the fire, we advise him to put his Poems along with them, as we have put that sent to us in ours.

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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for

Sept. 1, will contain:—The Last Man, by Thomas Campbell, Esq.—On Mr. Irving's Orations.—British Galleries of Art, No. 8, Knowledge Park.—Table Talk, No. 8, On the Old Age of Artists.—Civic Sports, by the Author of the Bachelor's Thermometer; and about twenty other Original Articles, exclusive of the usual Varieties in Art, Science, general Literature, the Drama, Politics, and Commerce.

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